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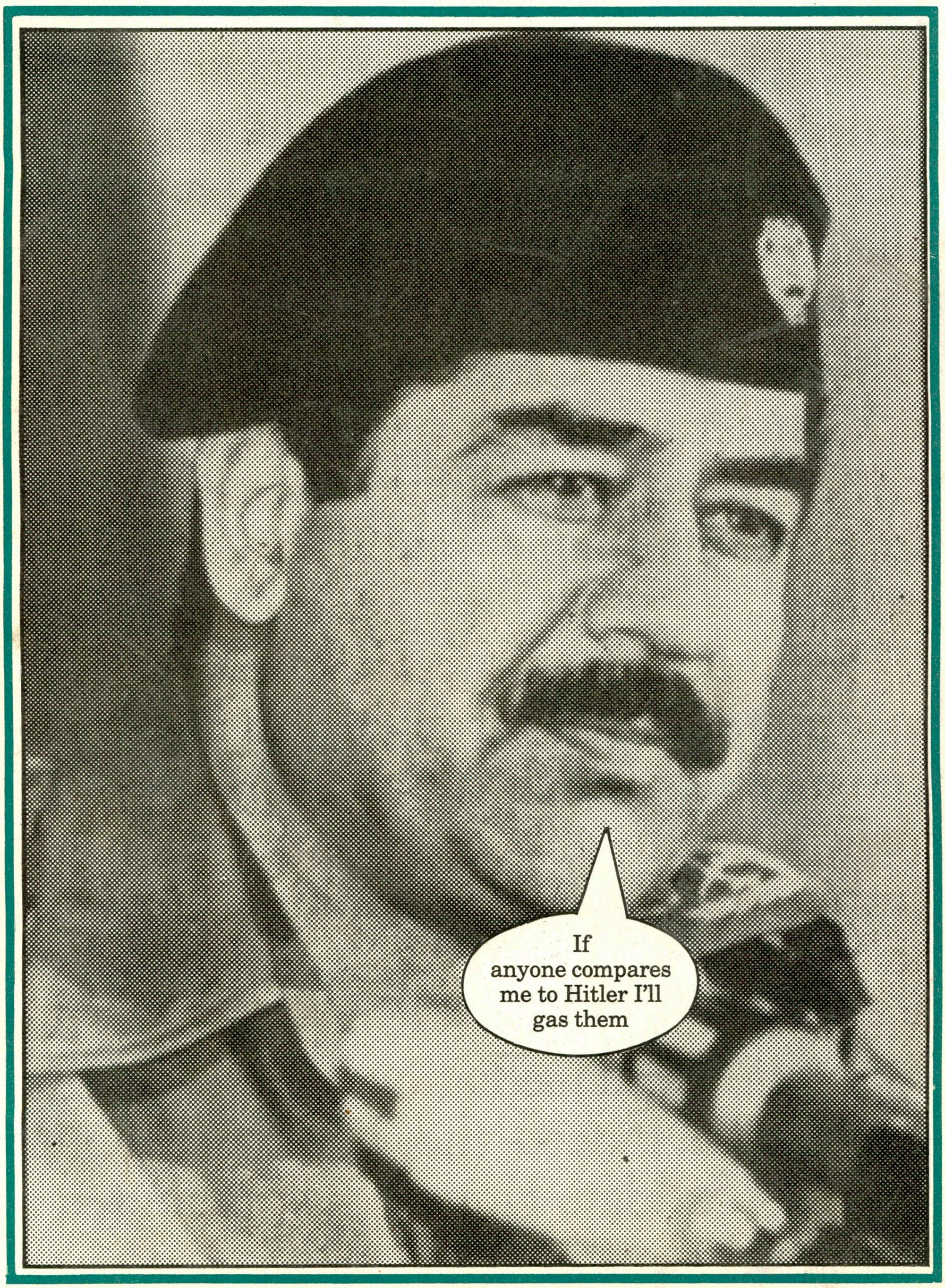

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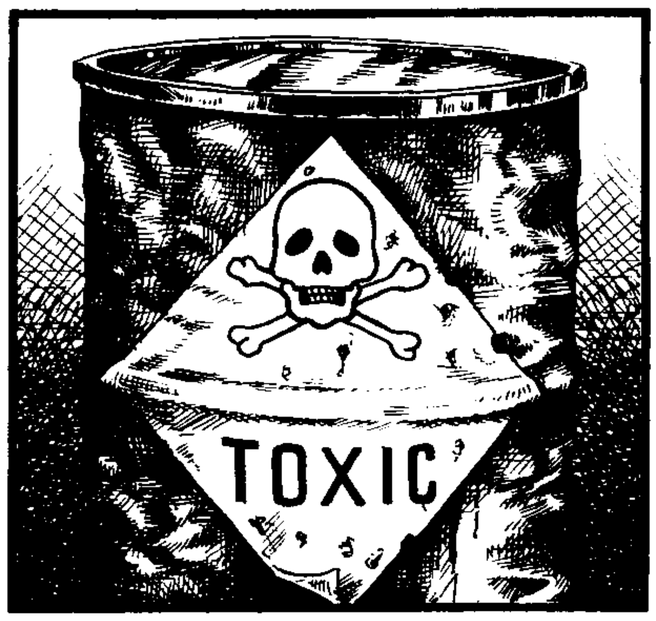

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Last year Britain imported over 80,000 tonnes of toxic wastes, mostly from other European countries and the United States. Lax British regulations make this country an easy option for disposing of the wastes which pose long term environmental threats.

Greenpeace opposes the trade in toxic wastes and is working for an international agreement which will stop it, arguing that countries which produce the waste must accept responsibility for it.

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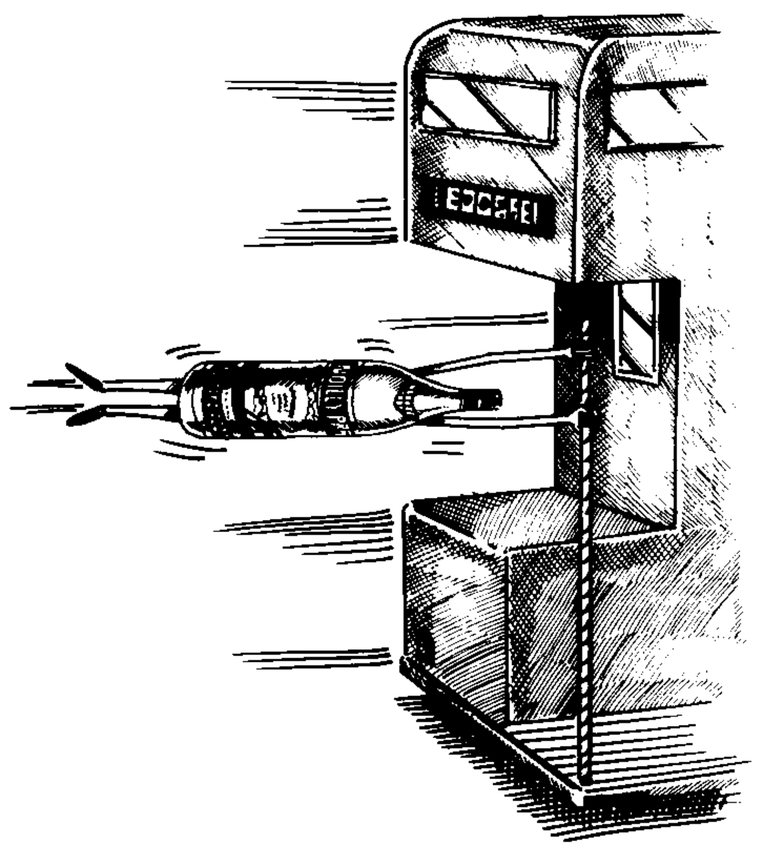
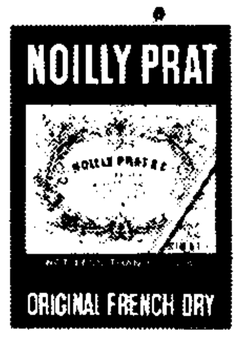


Unlike the French,
the English were a little reticent
to take me on board....



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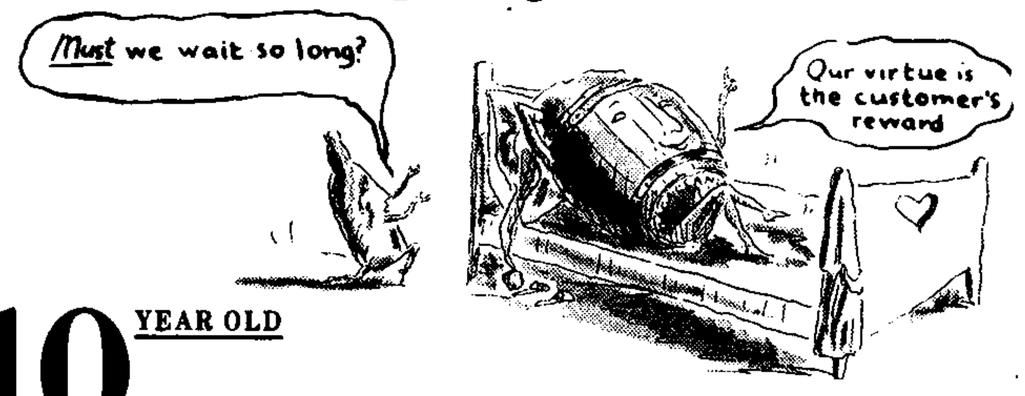
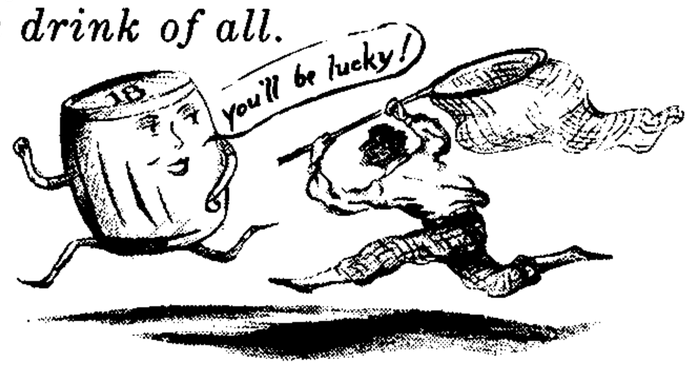


10 YEAR OLD

THE ESSENTIAL MACALLAN, aged for a full decade in oaken sherry cask, lauded by Kingsley Amis who declares that it is his *favourite drink of all.*

18 YEAR OLD



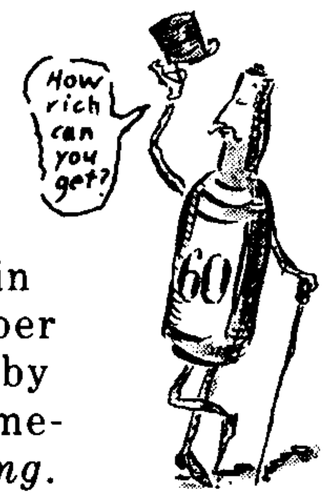
TO BE DISCOVERED in select wine merchants. *"If you ever see it, grab it!"* A great smooth pillow of malt, described by Robert Joseph in Wine Magazine as *"a lovely savoury-creamy, sherry-cask-matured Scotch".*

25 YEAR OLD

UNMANNINGLY MELLOW, succulent, mature; big enough to bask in; impossible to forget. *Too mouth-watering to be merely a status symbol.*

60 YEAR OLD

A BOTTLE WAS SOLD last year for £6,000. Another, bought the year before, is now in a bar in Atlanta where it is dispensed at $1,000 a slug! There are 12 known bottles left in the world. A few more may slumber in forgotten cellars, visited only by ghosts of bygone butlers and name-less scurrying things. *Start saving.*



166 YEAR OLD

THE MACALLAN DISTILLERY was formally accorded legal status in 1824. So, theoretically, you could just possibly unearth *an even older bottle* than any in the line-up so far. But why torment yourselves with possibilities when such a galaxy of stars *is already within your grasp?*

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Gnome

I HAVE decided to save the *Sunday Despondent*, a decision which I am told has resulted in wild celebrations at the newspaper. Champagne corks have been popping and nonstop choruses of "For Gnome's A Jolly Good Fellow" have apparently been sung in the offices for most of the week.

My reasons for intervention are entirely clear and I am sure they have been the cause of the delirium that has greeted my rescue of Britain's first new upmarket quality Sunday newspaper.

Let me repeat them.

a) I have always admired independent newspapers and have repeatedly proved this by my desire to own and run them.

b) I hate to see any newspaper close down unless it is my own.

c) I have been so impressed by the unique character of the *Despondent* that I want to preserve it as a downmarket tabloid Sunday newspaper.

As one delighted journalist put it: "Now that Gnome has stepped in, speculation about the paper's collapse can now begin." *(Surely "end"? E.S.)*

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COLOUR SECTION

THE Middle East flare-up has come as a godsend to the oil companies. They have been uneasy ever since the ending of the Iraq-Iran war led to a world glut of supplies.

There is nothing like a nice war or a blockade of one of the main suppliers to help business. Mr Robert Horton, the chairman of BP, put it precisely last week when he sorrowfully reported an 89 percent fall in after-tax profits.

But he encouraged shareholders by declaring that every $1 on the price of a barrel of oil would represent $200 million more profit for the company. As they say, every poison gas cloud has a silver lining.

ONE UNHAPPY side-effect of the Middle East crisis is that there is, for the foreseeable future, no chance of those responsible for bombing the Pan-Am jet which crashed at Lockerbie in 1988 being brought to justice.

As newspapers reported in a series of huge features a year after the disaster (the *Sunday Times*, as ever with this sort of "official news", took the lead) and as the then transport secretary Paul Channon was silly enough to blurt out at a lobby lunch, the governments and police of Britain and the United States know exactly who planted the bomb It was a gang of Middle Eastern terrorists based in Syria.

As the *Eye* reported, both governments were reluctant to name the gang or to seek to bring them to justice. In a conversation reported by Jack Anderson of the *Washington Post*, Thatcher and Bush agreed to "put up the shutters over Lockerbie"; and when the new transport secretary Cecil Parkinson tried to get a public judicial inquiry into the disaster, he was quickly snubbed by Thatcher.

Various reasons, all of them credible, have been given for this strange silence. One, reported by the *Eye*, is that the Syrian gang was either being used by Western intelligence or was running drugs via civil airlines or (most probably) both. Now, however, a new dimension is added to the need for silence.

The Syrian gang named repeatedly by the newspapers is known to be close to the Syrian government. The strategy of the British and American governments in the Gulf is to isolate Iraq's Saddam Hussein from other Arab leaders and in this matter, President Assad of Syria is crucial and equivocal.

He is less easy to "bend" than, say, the Saudi monarchy or Mubarak of Egypt and diplomatic relations with him (abruptly cut off only recently) must be restored and fostered. One result will be that as a fatal accident inquiry starts in Scotland, the families of the Lockerbie victims will be kept even more bleakly in the dark.

AS THE Gulf crisis broke, those seeking information and advice turned, not unsurprisingly, to the Foreign Office.

As during previous incidents the FO supplied its views — brusque statements of the obvious and very little hard advice — via a recorded telephone message.

As usual, anyone wanting up to date news would be better off with an evening paper. It would also cost them less. For in a truly tasteless development, Her Majesty's consular service has now discovered the lucrative world of British Telecom premium calls.

Those ringing the emergency hotline on 0898 121314 for news of loved ones are being charged the soft porn rate of 38p a minute peak, 25p off-peak. Those calling from a payphone have to cough up twice this amount. Any Britons abroad thinking of phoning home for information can forget it: as patriotic BT has no way of collecting the fee their calls will not be connected.

Interestingly, the DTI hotline for businessmen worried about their contracts operate at normal rates, presumably in the national interest, while ordinary people must pay to contact their civil servants during times of crisis.

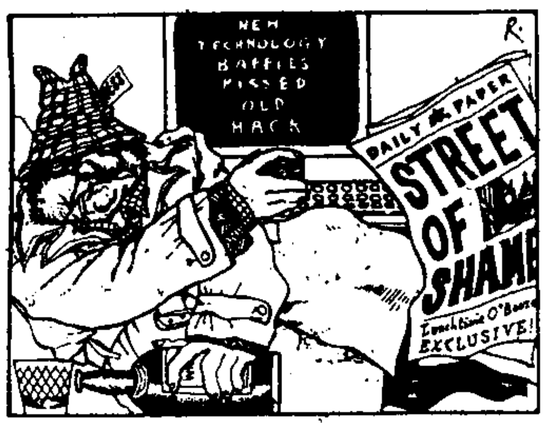
How long will it be before the enterprise culture puts the emergency services on 0898 999?

NEWS POURS into the *Eye* about fires similar to the one at a council block in Smethwick, reported in the last issue.

That blaze spread up through the building via the gaps between pipes and concrete floors, a common design fault in many of the country's council blocks.

Back in June, the *Eye* can reveal, a fire at the Hawthornes, a block of flats at Naylorsfield, Belle Vale, Liverpool, also spread rapidly upwards from the first floor on which it started. It was able to do so via the holes that run vertically up the building.

Thanks to a mixture of luck and the prompt action of the Liverpool fire brigade, no lives were lost. But the brigade's official (and secret) report of the blaze points to "two branch junctions" opened up for the fire by the same problem as at Smethwick.



GREAT Gulf clichés (the first in a series by Lunchtime O'Booze, war correspondent):

"Blood may well be thicker than water, but nothing is as thick as oil" — Peter Hillmore, *Observer*, 29 July.

"Blood may be thicker than water — but nothing is as thick as oil" — Daniel McGrory, "chief foreign correspondent", *Daily Express*, 3 August.

AS REVEALED in the last *Eye*, it was ironic that the tabloids should carry front-page attacks on those who had benefited from leaked advance information about the appointment of George Carey as Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was, after all, largely hacks who had placed last-minute bets secure in the knowledge that they would win.

Senior journalists on the *Daily Mail* are proving surprisingly touchy on the subject. Receiving a scoop that the new Archbish had been fuming about the leak while at a royal garden party, the *Mail* decided that this wasn't really much of a story...

THE FORTNIGHT leading up to the eleventh-hour rescue of *The Sunday Correspondent* by its existing shareholders (including Cap'n Bob) was a period of bitter intrigue and disillusionment.

The *Corrie*'s management, in a stance that would shame many a flintfaced proprietor, refused to give staff any firm assurances about redundancy payments or the reimbursement of expenses if the paper, as then seemed likely, were to fold.

Consequently, union representatives were planning to give the management an ultimatum — either you give us the assurances we are seeking or we shall withdraw our labour — when the *Corrie*'s chief executive, Nick Shott, pulled a rabbit out of the hat. There were further sighs of relief when it was announced that Peter Cole, the paper's lacklustre editor, had resigned.

Only a month ago, the editor of *The Sunday Correspondent Magazine*, Henry "Streep" Porter, attempted a coup against Cole which had been rebuffed. He had subsequently resigned, but was working out his six months' notice. When Pooter returned from his holiday in Scotland, the paper was experiencing financial problems. The *Indescribablyboring* was knocking at the door with an offer to buy the title for £6 million (in order to close it) and the shareholders were getting cold feet about the proposed switch to a tabloid format in the autumn.

Pooter circulated an anonymous bulletin to staff, called "Crisis Newssheet 1", and attempted a second coup, this time in conjunction with the paper's business editor, Maggie Pagano. Together they approached one of the paper's investors, the Saudi entrepreneur Wafic Said, with a plan to replace the entire management team. This too was unsuccessful.

Meanwhile, one of the *Corrie*'s founders, David Blake, spent the week of the crisis in hospital. Was it the strain of waiting out the poker game with the investors? Naturally the hacks assumed the worst and felt indignant in the extreme when they heard he had been having his adenoids removed.

THE *Indescribablyboring*'s supposedly sacred "no freebies" policy has been exposed as something of a sham by a recent decision from an industrial tribunal in London.

The man bringing the case was print controller Mike McCormick, sacked earlier this year on his return from a subsidised trip to some Finnish paper mills. At the time of his departure he was given no chance to defend himself: his boss Steve Conaway, a fast-talking American who rejoices in the title of "operations director", had gone on holiday and left his secretary to hand McCormick his dismissal notice and a £7,000 pay-off. McCormick got no joy from *Indie* supremo Sir Andreas Whittam Strobes either, and decided to take the newspaper to court.

At the tribunal, McCormick argued that it was unfair to punish him for accepting the Finnish firm's hospitality while other *Indie* executives often enjoyed jollies and jaunts with impunity (see *Eyes* 743 and 745). On behalf of the *Indie*, Conaway admitted that had McCormick been a "top performer" the Finnish freebie might not have led to his sacking.

The three-strong panel voted unanimously that McCormick had been unfairly dismissed and ordered the *Indescribablysmug* to pay him another £1,500.

Realising that the "no freebies" rule was becoming even more ridiculous given the antics of his top staff, Whittam Strobes ordered all his managers to stop taking freebies (even lunches) immediately.

THE *Observer's* forthcoming feature in its "Expert's Expert" slot on newspaper diarists has caused predictable ill-feeling among the sensitive souls who follow that vocation.

The pisspoor diarists on the *Observer's* two rival papers — Neil Mackwood of the *Corrie* and Francis Wheen of the *Sindie* — have both gone into a prolonged sulk that they weren't interviewed for the piece.

Even more affronted is the pukka editor of Londoner's Diary on the *Evening Standard*, Rory Knight Bruce, who *was* interviewed for the feature — only to be told, several weeks later, that his contribution was being dropped to make way for an interview with London's Most Desperate Diarist, Tim Satchell, who writes the absurd weekly "Mr Pepys" column in the *Standard*.

Knight Bruce sent a furious complaint to Sheila MacKenzie of the *Observer* magazine, pointing out that Londoner's Diary is the oldest gossip column in Britain, whereas Mr Pepys has only been running for a year or two and is read by nobody. He suggested that his exclusion was part of a vendetta which the *Observer* has been running against him ever since he publicly denounced the magazine for printing the London addresses of various prominent people — a clear incitement to terrorism, he argued.

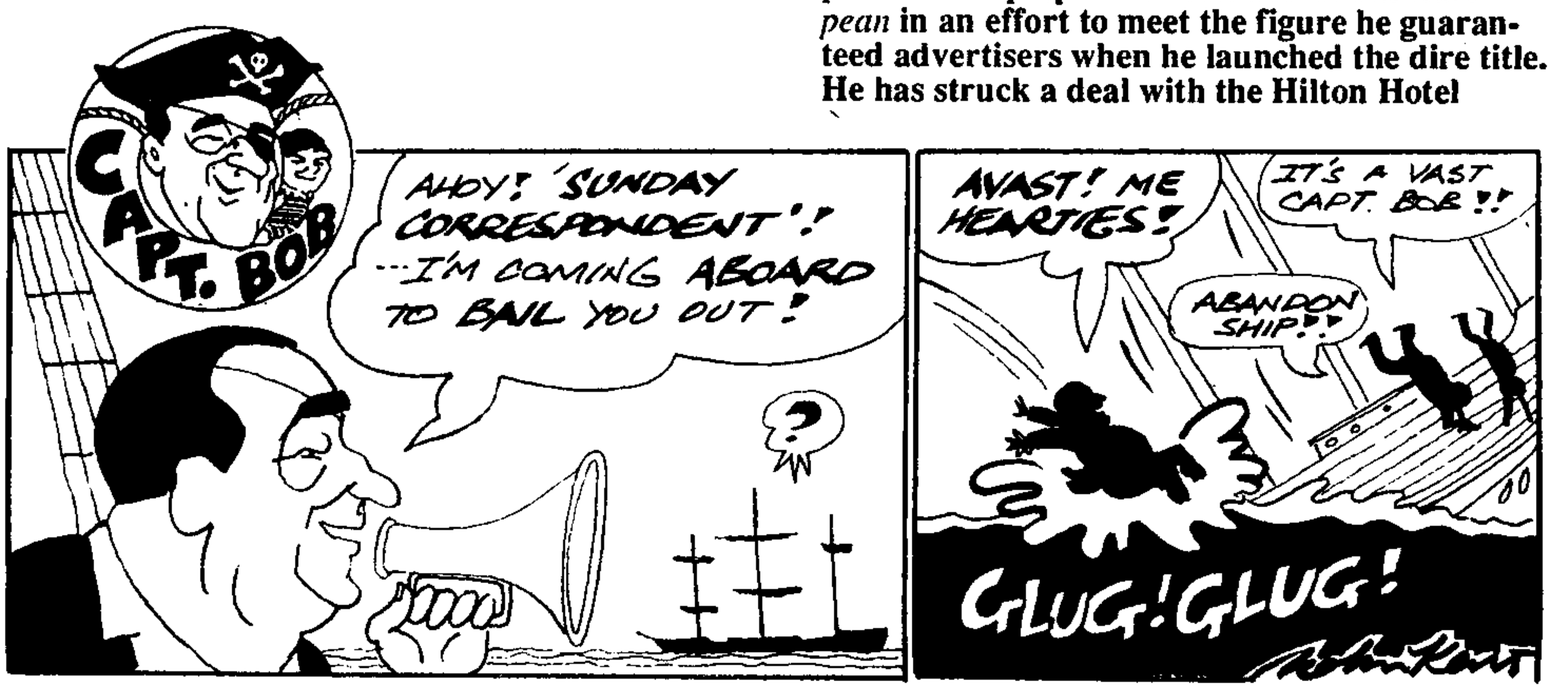
Mackenzie has now written back, apologising for her "regrettable error" but denying that any "pettiness" or "professional grudge" lay behind it.

Perhaps so. But why, in that case, have certain *Observer* hacks been ringing their opposite numbers on the *Standard* — including Tim Satchell himself — asking for "dirt" on Knight Bruce? Does Donald "Busy" Trelford know about this?

CAP'N BOB has come up with a cunning plan to bump up the circulation of *The European* in an effort to meet the figure he guaranteed advertisers when he launched the dire title. He has struck a deal with the Hilton Hotel group to put a free copy of *Le Pisse-pauvre* in several thousand rooms across Europe.

However, the deal is not without drawbacks. Already, news kiosk owners are angry over Maxwell's plan which will not only rob them of commission on sales of *The Pisspooropean* (pretty insignificant) but might discourage hotel guests from buying other quality titles. A news item in *Progressive Newsagent* reported the outrage on the part of the kiosk owners, one of whom, at the Kensington Hilton, said: "400 copies turned up on Friday morning and my wholesaler knew nothing about it. I rang *The European* and told them I wanted 28 per cent of the cover price of every newspaper given away. They said they would get back to me on Saturday. When they didn't I cancelled the *Sunday Mirror*, the *Daily Mirror* and *The European*. You see if the businessman gets a copy of *The European* free, then he won't come and buy a copy of *The Times* or the *Telegraph* or the *Herald-Tribune*." The owner of the gift shop at the Gatwick Hilton has also threatened to cancel all Mirror Group titles.

When *The European*'s Terry Ventham, who had devised the Hilton scheme, was told of the reaction of kiosk owners by a reporter on *Progressive Newsagent*, he "sounded very shaken and refused to comment further". Later, Malcolm Pearce, the chairman of Johnsons Publishing, which owns *Progressive Newsagent*, received a phone call from one of Cap'n Bob's henchman, asking for the story to be pulled. To his credit, Pearce published it.



AFTER a welcome respite, it is our regrettable duty once more to mention the name of Garry "Gal" Bushell, television critic of the *Sun* and sometime promoter of skinhead rock bands.

One of the main points at issue in the recent flurry of Bushell-related controversy in the *Eye* was whether or not the bearded brute was a fascist or, at the very least, some species of racialist. This question has now been revived by a letter in the August issue of *Mensa Magazine* from a member in London SE9, one G.L. Bushell.

Gal (for it is he) explains that he is "in search of a British nationalism". He explains what he means: "Like it or not, mass immigration *is* a threat to our way of life, yet those who warn of the dangers, like Enoch Powell and more recently Norman Tebbit, find themselves labelled 'fascists', 'murderers', or worse."

Gal describes himself as a disillusioned Labour voter who has voted Conservative reluctantly. "What I would like to play a part in," he writes, "is a new movement that rises above the bickering of the two-party game and puts Britain first."

Perhaps the National Front might care to send him an application form.

EDWARD "Ed" Pearce, the Calibanesque political columnist, has been sacked from one of the few papers still prepared to employ him, the *Sunday Express*, and has been driven to his last redoubt — the *Grauniad*, of all unlikely places.

Desperate for more outlets, he has now taken to writing obituaries for the *Guardian* as well; and very odd reading they make. Last week he penned a condescendingly affectionate obit for the Militant-backed MP Pat Wall — a man who, while alive, never earned a single good word from Pearce. The week before, he was wheeled out to extol Ian Gow — who, he implied, was a dear old friend.

This came as a surprise to genuine friends of Gow. They did not remember ever hearing the murdered MP speak of Pearce as a close chum. What they did recall was that, when Gow was Thatcher's ultra-loyal PPS, Pearce wrote a piece ridiculing him for behaving "like a Moslem wife, waddling four paces behind her lord".

Perhaps these contradictions can be put down to *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. What is less explicable is an astonishing claim in the Gow obituary. Ian Gow, so Pearce assured his readers, had for some months been convinced that Thatcher was a spent force and would have to quit before the next election. The MP did not say this publicly, he added, but confided it to friends such as Pearce in private conversations.

People who did know Gow rather well find this hard to believe. What Gow told them in recent months was quite the opposite: as usual, he spoke of the Supreme Ruler in tones of unalloyed admiration and expressed his confidence that she would lead the Tories to another victory at the polls.

"Shit ahoy!"

THE imminent publication of his memories — imaginatively titled *Memoirs of a Libel Lawyer* — seems to have sent Peter Carter-Fuck into the lawyers' equivalent of a feeding frenzy: in recent weeks the usual flow of writs and threatening letters from his office has become a torrent.

One of the many recipients is the *Sunday Telegraph*, which last month published a review of a book by Graham Stark called *Remembering Peter Sellers*. The reviewer, Oxford don Roger Lewis, noted that Stark was a good friend of Sellers and that the comedian was "far happier mucking about with the lads than having to relax with his wives".

This has provoked an extraordinary letter from Carter-Fuck on behalf of Stark. "It is *untrue* that our client had a homosexual relationship with Peter Sellers," thunders the great libel lawyer. Nor is that all: "It is *untrue* that Peter Sellers and/or Blake Edwards talked to our client excitedly of a new penis-enlarging ointment — and went to enormous trouble organising a mail-order address in Copenhagen where a confederate sent Stark a tub of rancid garlic butter." These are obviously grave allegations indeed.

In a similar letter to Roger Lewis, Carter-Fuck asks for the "name and address of your solicitors" who can accept service of a writ on his behalf. Lewis does indeed have a solicitor, whom he employed a year or two ago to read for libel a book he had written. More recently, Lewis consulted the same solicitor when he was thinking of suing ex-*Punch* hack Stanley Reynolds over a defamatory article in the *Guardian*. Presumably, having taken Lewis's money in the past, this lawyer will be happy to act for him in the present case. His name is Peter Carter-Fuck.

PS: Peter Carter-Fuck's forthcoming memoirs were read for libel by the author himself. Yet he quite failed to notice that the entire book is highly defamatory, presenting him as a bullying creep. Perhaps he will have to send himself a solicitor's letter.

There is also a gloriously Pooterish quality about the way in which Carter-Fuck boasts of his pathetic accomplishments. Most risible of all is the passage in which he reveals his skill at water-divining with a hazel twig. "I joined the British Society of Dowsers," he writes, "and have been a member ever since. I have often wondered whether the quality of this extra-sensitivity to natural elements, which I cannot explain, may have provided me with an extra sensitivity in dealing with the cases I have handled."

YET MORE Carter-Ruckery: the great libel lawyer is acting for former Det Chief Supt Jack Slipper ("Slipper of the Yard") in his libel suit against the BBC.

In the 1970s *Mirror* hack Tony Delano wrote a very funny book called *Slip-Up*, about the doomed efforts of Scotland Yard and Fleet Street to arrest and deport Ronnie Biggs from Brazil. Slipper came out of the story with a fair amount of egg on his face, but took no action against Delano.

Then, in 1985, Keith Waterhouse was asked to adapt the book for a BBC film, and he consulted Slipper. The script was changed to meet Knacker's objections. (He was outraged, for instance, by a stage direction suggesting that he wore a blue serge suit. "I don't wear a blue serge suit," he told the BBC grimly.) Still Slipper was unhappy. Michael Grade, who was running BBC 1 at the time, got cold feet and pulled the film, even though it had already been scheduled in *Radio Times*.

After a lot of re-editing and further consultations with Slipper, it was retitled *The Great Paper Chase*. Paul Fox, Grade's successor, decided to broadcast it and the film finally hit the screen in 1989.

Slipper immediately sued for libel.

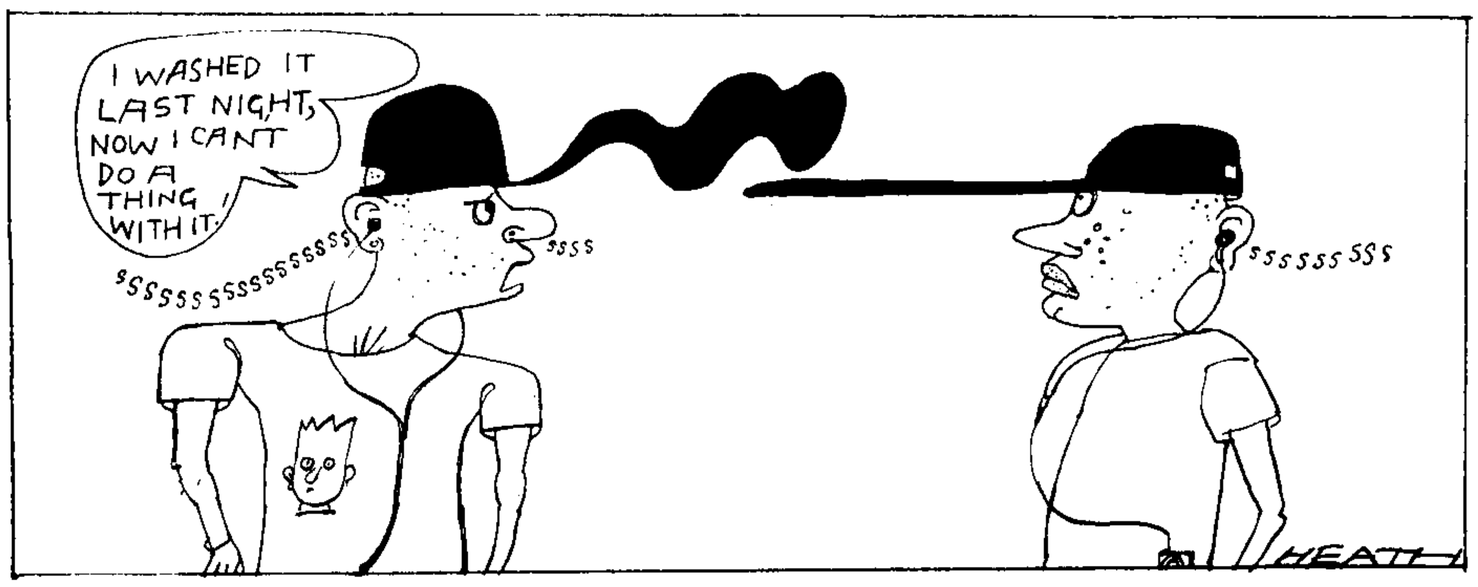
The case was due to be heard in July, but after much legal argument last month it was adjourned until next April. Slipper's counsel argued that the case might well run for more than a fortnight and was in danger of running into a long vacation. Judge Michael Davies (for it was, inevitably, he) accepted this argument. At the same time, it also emerged that Slipper is being financed by Sir James Goldsmith!

Nigel Tait, a partner at Peter Carter-Ruck's firm, confirmed to the *Eye* this week that "Mr Slipper has been financially assisted by the Goldsmith Foundation". What possible interest could Sir Jams have in the case? "I hope you don't think me discourteous, but given Sir James's relations with *Private Eye* I wonder why you want to know." Oh, just idle curiosity. We also asked Tait whether this self-styled Goldsmith Foundation might one day publish an annual report. "No." Could we be told the names of the trustees, if there are any? "No." Why not? "Sir James is a client of the firm and we can't give out confidential information about clients."

But if this Goldsmith Foundation is run by Sir Jams rather than Carter-Fuck — as Tait told us — does this mean that other firms of lawyers can also apply for money from it? Tait sounded genuinely surprised by the suggestion. "That's something that's never been considered." So Sir James, the champion of buccaneering free-market competition, will continue to support a libel monopoly whereby the Slippers of this world must all be represented by P. Carter-Fuck and Associates. Nice work, eh?

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Pseuds Corner

With which historical figure do you most identify?
Queen Elizabeth I because she had such a dangerous line to tread; although she was alone, she did this brilliantly — perhaps *because* she was alone.

SHIRLEY CONRAN
Sunday Correspondent

"Pretty well everyone in the country has a tennis court."

EWA LEWIS (social editor of *Tatler*)
Sunday Times

Mr Maradona's tears were those of a bitter man disappointed in defeat whose team in the dying moments reverted to national type. Mr Gascoigne's, by comparison, were what William Blake called "an intellectual thing" — the spontaneous and legitimate emotional recognition of a moving moment of truth.

PETER McKAY
Evening Standard

MANCHESTER. A happening place. But a city still in its larval stages. A pupa. A chrysalis wriggling and twitching in the last development of its metamorphosis. And now the butterfly is almost complete. The Mondays, the Roses, the Inspirals are all set to thrash their wings against the American dream. Straight from the heart of Manchester with love. A summer of love. The summer of Manchester.

Uptown (Manchester free paper)

Downstairs, Theo, my six-year-old, will probably be cruising through his videos in a most sophisticated way, looking for a particular portion of his favourite Chaplin. Sophie will clap her hands, say "Charlie Chap!" and they'll watch this Mozart of the cinema for a while. They know every frame of *The Goldrush* and *The Kid* — and I'm delighted.

MICHAEL IGNATIEFF
Sunday Times magazine

The apotheosis envisaged in the remaining lines of *Mr Tambourine Man* has several defining features. There is the "diamond sky": the crystalline perfection of an aestheticized nature, like the "marbles of the dancing floor" in the City of Yeats's *Byzantium*, Dylan's "diamond sky" is intimidating in its cold, unyielding brilliance. But its worth lies precisely in its transmutation of natural laws. Imagination at this point overrides "memory and fate", affirms a scope beyond the time-bound determinism of the natural self.

AIDAN DAY
Reels of Rhyme

Telsche, my eldest daughter, and I were cruising down the Nile in December 1987. We planned to develop an idea for a film between excursions to the temples and tombs. She also wanted to get pregnant. She circled a fertility stone in Luxor the requisite seven times and later found that she was. We completed the screenplay during her gestation, or we thought we had. As it turned out, we were still rewriting when her daughter, Daphne, was three months old, and again when she was six months — twelve drafts in all. And it turned out in a way we could never have imagined when we were sailing through the dreamscapes of Egypt.

JOHN BOORMAN
Introduction to *Where The Heart Is*

CONTRIBUTORS: S.A. Lasson, Harold Smith, Martyn Waring, Alec Shorrocks, Anon, Alan Hamilton, Bill Hughes.

£10 paid for entries

Summer Grovel Sizzler

I LEARN that Channel 4's tedious new adult discussion programme, *Sex Talks*, came close to making a fundamental error when seeking guests to appear in the series.

A friend of mine was seated at the Hon. Christopher Monckton's desk in the offices of the *Evening Standard* (Monckton was away getting married), when the telephone rang. It was a researcher from *Sex Talks* hoping to speak to Monckton because she was looking for an aristocrat who might have had sex back in 1920. Someone had kindly given her Monckton's name and number in this connection.

The person who took the call gently explained that it was most unlikely Monckton was her man. For a start he was born in the 1950s; but, more importantly, as a devout Roman Catholic who was only at this moment shedding his bachelor status, he was also one of London's most famous virgins.

Not only had he not had sex in 1920, but he had also managed to avoid it in the ensuing seven decades. The researcher was understandably crestfallen.

MEANWHILE I hear that Christopher is an unsung victim of the crisis in the Middle East: the shirt-making business which he and his wife set up in Jordan has collapsed, leaving him £60,000 worse off.

Monckton laughs off the loss, implying that it's a mere bagatelle to one as rich as he. But I wonder. In Ireland last weekend, I was surprised to see Monckton working as an amateur bookie, standing outside one of the hospitality tents at Phoenix Park racecourse taking bets all afternoon.

Clad in his brown trilby and cavalry-twill trousers he certainly looked the part, but his mathematics seemed rather lacking. In spite of frenzied work with a pocket calculator, by the fourth race of the afternoon he was heavily down.

He then recovered slightly; even so, by the end of the day the viscount-to-be was a mere £20 in pocket. Only £59,980 to go.

● *I NOTICE from the front-page lead article in a recent edition of Off Licence News that the Labour Party has "committed itself to a get-tough policy on drinks and tobacco advertising if it wins the next general election".*

Yet inside the same edition of the vintners' trade magazine there is a somewhat contradictory item. A photograph shows a beaming Roy Hattersley, deputy editor of the Labour Party, receiving a case of Maker's Mark bourbon from the president of its American distillers in honour of his recently published novel, The Maker's Mark.

MY RADDLED former colleague Anthony Blond writes from his rest-home in France to say how charmed he was by my photo of Lord Lambton handing an envelope to Geoffrey Wheatcroft at the Wedding of the Year.

The envelope contained Lambton's wedding present to Wheatcroft, in the form of a cheque. There was a sweepstake among the guests as to how big this offering might be. Blond, toadying to the gentry as usual, sycophantically bet it was £1,000 — "having a high view of *noblesse oblige*", as he puts it.

A rather more informed guess was made by Lady Teresa Waugh, a genuine aristocrat, who knows what an old skinflint Lambton can be. She bet that, in spite of Lambton's vast wealth, the cheque would be no more than £100 — which turned out to be exactly right.

● *MY FRIEND Graydon Carter, editor of the New York magazine Spy, tells me of the distress suffered by his six-year-old son after a visit to their Connecticut weekend retreat by the bibulous, expatriate hack Anthony Haden-Guest.*

On this occasion Unwanted-Guest, the model for the Fallows character in Tom Wolfe's The Bonfire of the Vanities, truly lived up to his legendary reputation for meanness. On a hike into the nearby countryside, Carter and Haden-Guest were crossing a stream when Carter's son spotted a quarter gleaming beneath the surface. "Gee Dad, look what I've found!" said the boy excitedly, brandishing the coin in his hand.

Within seconds Haden-Guest had snatched the coin from the lad, insisting that it must have fallen out of his pocket.

MICHAEL VERMEULEN, Chicago-born deputy editor of *GQ* (*What that? Ed.*), has a peculiar taste in condoms, I am told.

He obtains a regular supply of his own preferred brand, Naturalamb, from his native America. These special items are made from lamb's intestines and apparently afford the wearer greater sensitivity than the more conventional rubber kind.

VerMeulen, or "Ginger Tom" as he is occasionally called, is well known for his sensitivity. A guest in his apartment was once surprised to discover a piece of paper stuck on the wall above his bed. On it was written in VerMeulen's own hand the curious aphorism: "My body is a sacred temple."

"Hosepipe Squad, Jack – you're nicked"

THE Groucho Club has played host to some monstrous scenes in recent weeks. At the launch party for Wensley Clarkson's *Dog Eat Dog, Confessions of a Tabloid Journalist*, the author's wife became outrageously tired and emotional. Clare Clarkson, an otherwise respectable lady who is an assistant art director on commercials, vomited splendidly, thus obliging one of the club's manageresses, the ever-resourceful Marylou Sturridge, to don elbow-length black rubber gloves -- her uniform in such emergencies.

So overcome was Mrs Clarkson that she stood by the ladies' lavatory accosting various men and exclaiming "Take me boys, take me!", until alternative bore Keith Allen escorted her, by means of a fireman's lift, to a taxi and sent her home.

PS: The source of this embarrassing information was none other than Clare's unscrupulous husband, Wensley.

● *I AM appalled by another loutish incident at the Groucho, this time involving the BBC's Yoof Programmes supremo, the ludicrous Janet Street-Porter.*

As I am dining peaceably, I witness Ms Street-Porter express indignation about the way in which certain persons at another table are staring at her and her dinner companion, an unidentified toyboy (the "alternative" Keith Allen having been dumped). They even appear to be laughing at her and Street-Porter is so angered by this unlooked-for attention that she calls over the muscular Yugoslavian-born manageress demanding that the miscreants be upbraided.

When the manageress politely explains that the other diners are also members and that she couldn't possibly tell them off, Street-Porter's demeanour grows ugly. She drills the manageress in the cheek with one of her forefingers and shrieks that she is a founder member of the club and, what's more, secretary of the membership committee.

Wisely, the manageress chooses to ignore Dame Janet's rantings. But, I ask myself, what more innocent occupation could there be than laughing at Dame Janet? It is surely an occupation indulged in by most club members.

I WAS greatly saddened to hear of a recent *ennui* suffered by the luckless minor royal, Prince Michael of Kent.

With no proper job and a pushy wife and beard to maintain, the poor man already has problems aplenty. But magistrates at Chippenham in Wiltshire added to them at the end of July when they took away his driving licence for 14 days.

The bearded one, who is president of the RAC's motor sports council, admitted rattling along the M4 at a very illegal 103mph. I do so hope that news of the misdemeanor will not reach the ears of the great and good in the motor industry who, even now, are deciding whether or not to sponsor something called The Prince Michael Road Safety Awards.

TRYING to help an old friend in need of a job, I suggest he seek gainful employment from Kelvin McKenzie, editor of the *Sun*.

My friend duly writes, giving his address, quite correctly, as Her Majesty's open prison, Leyhill. The reply from Kelvin is not encouraging. "We don't have any vacancies at present," he says, "and in all honesty, the thought of hiring a jailbird fills me with horror... I am sorry not to be able to help but thank you for thinking of us." It would be too churlish to remind Kelvin that his top leader-writer, Ronald Spark, was sacked from the *Sunday Express* for fiddling his expenses to the tune of several thousand pounds, and that one of his senior reporters did time for killing his wife.

Pip Pip!

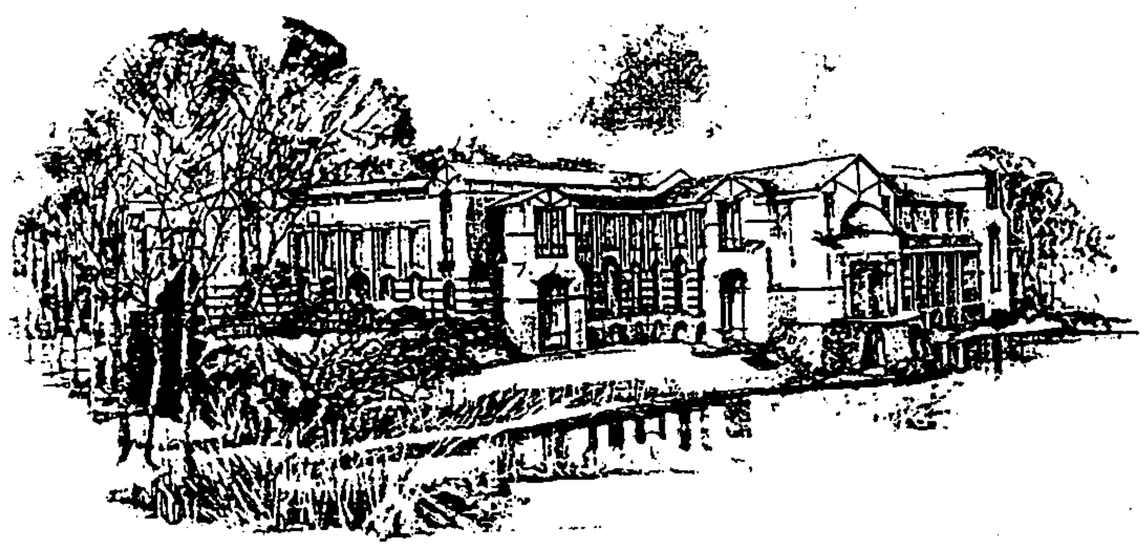
NOOKS and CORNERS

MY ILLUSTRATION shows a new hotel which, together with a country club, is proposed for the park at Warwick Castle. Parks are pretty useless things by themselves, so this one is to be made to pay its way with two golf courses.

The hotel will have 150 bedrooms and 25 suites, a restaurant, banqueting and conference rooms and shops — in short, everything the modern golfer needs. The architects are Messrs Corstophine & Wright of Warwick, a firm best known for its pub conversions. This is a bold choice and the architects have risen to the occasion magnificently.

"The design," they write, "incorporates a contemporary interpretation of classical proportions and orders. This has been achieved with elegant detailing and the use of quality traditional materials such as stone, marble and terra cotta. Its mass is broken up by a number of pavilions and interconnecting blocks..." As for the country club, this will complement the hotel in style. Although "the detailing is much simpler... the proportions remain elegant". That is reassuring.

Oh dear. There are times when one can almost forgive Quinlan Terry. But I do not extol the work of Messrs Corstophine & Wright just to show that the current classical revival allied to commercial expediency is producing an architecture of such vulgar and cynical illiteracy that historians of the future will see it as the quintessential Style of Thatcherism. I draw attention to what is planned for poor old Warwick as an example of the real threat now represented by *golf*.



Golf used to be an innocent Wodehousian pursuit, requiring little more than an expanse of open ground and a convenient small building in which to house a bar. But it is now big business. *Three hundred* golf courses are currently proposed in Scotland. In England they are planned for such great historic houses as Burley-on-the-Hill, Stoneleigh Abbey, Denham Place and Uffington Park in addition to Warwick Castle.

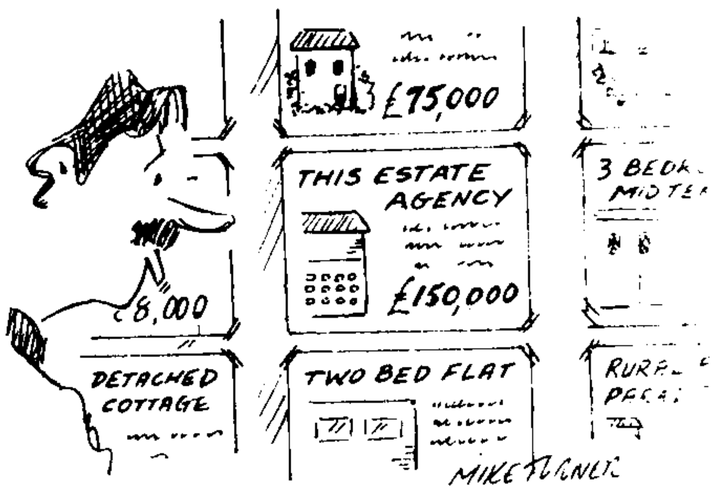
This matters as the modern golfer seldom seems content with a mere golf course. He requires facilities such as Messrs Corstophine & Wright are proposing (not forgetting the car park in Temple Hill Plantation for 300 cars). Golf courses go hand in hand with hotels, it seems. The one, indeed, seems a useful way of getting planning permission for the other. There is more than one way to break through such tiresome inconveniences as the green belt and golf courses now represent an even greater scourge than out-of-town shopping centres.

A typical case is that of Fort Putnam at Greystoke in Cumberland on the edge of the Lake District. Fort Putnam is a delightful ornamental farm building of the late 18th century. It is listed but, despite the expressed view of English Heritage on the undesirability of converting listed farm buildings to other uses except as a last resort, Eden District Council has granted outline planning permission to convert the building into "residential holiday units". Now the good councillors seem anxious to enhance this potentially exciting leisure complex by allowing an 18-hole championship golf course on 140 acres of adjacent farm land.

Not, of course, that a mere golf course is proposed. Churchgate House Investments of Dunstable naturally wants to build a clubhouse containing a swimming pool and gymnasium as well as a restaurant, a bar and, of course, shops. Despite the real threat of the whole of the Lake District being surrendered to the leisure and tourist industry, Eden District Council seems keen to approve, at least to judge by the fact it has gone through the tiresome farce of consultation by giving the Georgian Group less than two weeks to comment (instead of the usual 28 days) and making sure that no detailed information about the proposals was sent out.

Are all golfers Freemasons? Are all Japanese tourists golfers? More to the point, are there really enough golfers in Britain to justify the surrender of huge areas of countryside to increasing the nation's golfing capacity? I do not know the answer to any of these questions but think we should be told.

'Piloti'



PROPERTY NEWS

TIME is standing still at the famous Victorian market hall in the no-longer-true-blue Yorkshire town of Harrogate where poll taxpayers fear they are about to be stung for £5 million by property company Speyhawk Retail.

The hands of the market clock were removed some months ago and shopkeepers around the dilapidated building were ordered out; shops were boarded up as stallholders waited to be moved to temporary accommodation — all in preparation for a multi-million pound redevelopment of the town centre. Everyone is still waiting.

More than a year ago Harrogate District Council chose London-based Speyhawk Retail to take on the scheme with a 150-year lease. Curiously, whenever a contract seemed ready to sign, one complication or another would emerge to delay it.

Earlier this year it transpired that Speyhawk didn't have the capital to pay for the scheme for which it had bid. There are those on the council who claim the writing was on the wall as early as last October when Speyhawk sold assets of £90m and declared a round of redundancies. Just "good housekeeping", said the firm.

In July Speyhawk announced that it had found a backer for the scheme, the National Provident Institution. But, surprise, surprise, the slump in the property market and in big retail developments meant, naturally, that Harrogate cold no longer expect Speyhawk to pay the sort of price it had offered a year before. Speyhawk has now made a final "take it or leave it" offer £5 million short of its first bid.

It will be an early test of the mettle of Harrogate's new Liberal Democrat-led coalition, to see if it accepts being this deal from the southern property moguls or if it sticks out for a better price and approaches rival developers. It has given itself until 12 September to decide.

Meanwhile townspeople wonder how long the current eyesore will blight the landscape and are asking how the previous Tory regime could select a firm which didn't have the money to do the job. At the back of everyone's minds, of course, is the £34 million Harrogate Conference Centre, which was supposed to have cost £5 million.

Some predict Harrogate will never go Tory again!

HUNT NEWS

FOUR hunt followers have had their appeal against charges of affray dismissed by Taunton Crown Court, thus vindicating John Hicks, sanctuaries manager of the League Against Cruel Sports, who claimed to have been assaulted while filming a hunt meeting.

Kenneth and Eileen Luxton, of Parsonage Farm, Shillingford, Tiverton, and two brothers, Robin and Lennox Floyd, were each fined £100 at by magistrates at Minehead, west Somerset, in October 1989.

Hicks and another witness, Howard Hodges, who is treasurer of the league, gave evidence that Mrs Luxton had slapped out at Hicks and that Mr Luxton had punched him. The Luxtons' version of events suggested a more innocent explanation. Mrs Luxton claimed that Hicks bumped against her and that they both fell into a stream. Mr Luxton said that Hicks slipped as he fell into the water. Mr Luxton also admitted that his shoulder had come into contact with Hicks's thigh.

Judge Graham Neville concluded that Hicks and Hodges were truthful and accurate witnesses and dismissed the appeal. The Luxtons and the Floyd brothers, who had been involved in a separate assault on Hicks later that day, were ordered to pay court costs of £1,650.

Mrs Anne McDonagh

IN Nooks & Corners on 13 April we published an article about the proposed erection of a doctors' surgery in Bath which made reference to the former mayor of Bath, Mrs Anne McDonagh. We wish to make it clear that we never intended to suggest that Mrs McDonagh improperly used her position either as mayor or previously as chairman of the housing committee to influence the council when considering the development.

We now recognise that Mrs McDonagh declared a pecuniary interest in the surgery and did not take part in the decisions made by the council, the planning committee and the housing committee in connection with the surgery.

We apologise for any false impression imparted by our article.

"Now, where's Pearl Harbor?"

TVE

EastEnders

(BBC1)

ASIDE from the standard serial remarriages and frequent adulteries, there are four main soap opera plots, all of which the long-running serials resort to at some time, usually when attempting to raise their ratings.

The first is the "Whose Baby?" uncertainty. A drab sap married to the cast's frisky blonde dotes on "his" child, who is, in fact, the kid of the wrong 'un down the road. Then there is the "Will they live?" episode, in which a leading character bleeps precariously on a life support machine. The other two standbys are "Mummy — I can't get used to calling you Mummy!" — in which one of the cast, reeling for several weeks over the shock of being adopted, knocks on the door of their long-lost natural mother — and "I dunno. It's all a complete blank", in which a central character is stricken by amnesia.

At any given moment, a soap opera somewhere in Britain is running one of these plots — *Brookside*, for example, has just done "Whose Baby?" — but no one has ever attempted all four simultaneously. In doing so, the current episodes of *EastEnders*, the show invented by Michael Grade five years ago and set in the fictional Albert Square in the mythical east London borough of Walford — are a piece of television history.

Ian, a nice but not overly bright lad who is the son and heir of the Beales, one of Albert Square's main families, is married to the pert and perky Cindy. They have a baby son, Stephen. All soap operas introduce babies as often as possible. Indeed, just as couples often have babies in an attempt to save their marriages, a soap opera will have a baby in an effort to save their ratings.

This is partly because, despite the popular myth that the most popular television is escapist entertainment, the early evening audience — which contains huge numbers of young mothers with babies — is improbably fond of watching people pretending to be young mothers with babies on the screen. But it is also because each baby permits the possibility of the "Whose Baby?" sub-plot.

Little *EastEnders* Stephen is, as the audience has known for some time, in fact the brat of Wicksy, the brooding barman of

the Queen Vic. Last Tuesday Cindy finally told her husband the truth. Ian reacted with a speech of fine popular drama lather: "You're telling me that that baby — Stephen — who I've held in me arms every day — is not my son... and you let me show him off as a proper Beale!"

To be fair, the last line, which invokes all too plausibly the patriarchal clannishness of the East End, is an indication that *EastEnders* pays more attention to the quality writing than most soaps, but decent dialogue can not compensate for ridiculous plotting. Overcome with emotion, Ian dashes to his van and drives off at a literally furious pace. The vehicle overturns and Ian is dragged bleeding from the wreckage, next to be seen wired up to the thin green line of an ECG. In the most astonishing combination since Soviet-American co-operation against Iraq, the "Whose Baby?" and "Will They Live?" soap opera plots have dovetailed.

To increase the tension over Ian's fate — "The doctor says he's, er, stable...", a tearful Beale has just gasped — the action now switches to a long-rumbling sub-plot. Dumpy Sharon, the unfortunate daughter of the late Dirty Den — *EastEnders*'s one great contribution to the demonology of soap opera — is sitting at a cafe table with a woman in middle-age. The woman is saying: "Getting together like this is bound to be tricky... don't treat me like your only friend in the world just because I gave birth to you!" Sharon has discovered her natural mother! It is the triple whammy: "Mummy — I can't get used to calling you Mummy!" has joined

the disputed infant and the blinking respirator in a single episode.

After this, the Thursday edition was almost bound to be a disappointment but the scriptwriters were by now on a high. Ian came round. Cindy tensed, waiting for the pained denunciation of her behaviour over the baby. "I, I don't remember anything," he gasps. Ian has amnesia! He will have to be told again! It would be a fool who bet on the next plot developments, although some early money is on Ian murmuring: "Cindy, have you ever fort of living in Dallas?" or the dependable Michelle being kidnapped by aliens.

Historical footnote: *EastEnders*, when it began, prided itself on social realism.

Contemporary footnote: *EastEnders* has recently been slipping behind *Coronation Street* again in the ratings war.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

BBC coverage of health matters may take a turn for the bizarre following the appointment of Professor Sir Graham Hills to the Beeb's board of governors, with special responsibility for Scotland.

The eccentric Sir Graham, a physical chemist and principal and vice-chancellor of Strathclyde university, has won admiration from the prime minister for his robust free market views on higher education. But to the public at large he is best known for a completely mad outburst he made in the letters column of *The Times*.

Saying that the biggest single ecological threat to the planet was the over-production of human beings, he suggested that women should be made to eat toast and cereals impregnated with contraceptive chemicals for breakfast.

Sir Graham has four children.

THE BEEB's disciplinarian assistant director-general John Birt, installed to sort out hacks who fail to toe the Thatcher line, has suffered a setback in his top heavy Television News and Current Affairs "Directorate" with the resignation of the "director", Ian Hargreaves.

The last straw for Hargreaves was the publication of Birt's absurd instructions about how to interview politicians and other VIPs who must not be offended. Driven to distraction by Birt's constant meddling, Hargreaves cleared his desk and hurried back to the comparative sanity of the *Financial Times* as its deputy editor.

To nobody's surprise Hargreaves was instantly replaced by Tony "Head Prefect" Hall, the boyish and ineffective "editor" of news and current affairs. Hall is one of the if-you-haven't-got-a-personality-get-a-very-big-pair-of-spectacles brigade and a Birt favourite. As editor of the revamped *Nine O'Clock News*, he managed to lose a substantial number of viewers to ITN and his department managed to overspend last year's budget by £3 million.

He responded to the wrath of rival departmental bosses by abandoning his post for several days to "discuss the issues" with chosen cronies at a specially-ordered round table at a hostelry in Oxford. This display impressed Birt and Hall (23) is well on his way up the greasy pole.

MURDOCH newspapers' blatant puffing of Sky, the Dirty Digger's satellite TV experiment, is a two-way street.

His flagging *Today* newspaper, long a Sky champion, is currently being promoted heavily on the satellite channel in bizarre "advertisements" that feature, among other idiocies, *Tawdry*'s city editor Cathy Gunn answering the telephone.

Are viewers, in the interests of objectivity, told that the owner of Sky and *Tawdry* are one and the same? Of course not.

CORPORATION STREET ISLEWORTH
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
SKY
"GORBY! I HEAR YOU'RE OPENING UP THE SOVIET MEDIA?"
THE ROVER'S REPEAT
"DA"
BAR
"SO HOW CAN I GET IN ON THAT?"
MURDOCH 1
"JUST DO WHAT YOU ALWAYS DO"
"OF COURSE!"
I'LL TAKE OUT RUSSIAN CITIZENSHIP!"
"Treble vodkas all round."
ARE YOU, OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY?
COMRAD

I-SKY

SKY satellite channels are more popular than BBC1 or BBC2, according to audience research on homes with both types of telly.

GARRY BUSHELL
Sun

IT'S official, folks! More and more people are watching Sky Television. The latest survey shows that viewers prefer watching Sky Movies to either Channel 4 or BBC2

Sun

EVERY summer on holiday in Europe I watch **SKY NEWS** and it really is brilliant. **BOB FRIEND** is the best anchor person in Britain today.

JONATHAN KING
Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: Patrick Walsh, M.A. Hart, S. Taylor.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

SKY TV enjoyed assistance from an unexpected quarter when it went to report on the internecine revolutionary dispute at the headquarters of the British Communist Party in Farringdon recently.

A group of hardline CP Leninists who reckon the party is on the slippery slope of revisionism occupied part of the HQ when they heard the building was up for sale due to a cash crisis. When Rupert Murdoch's minions turned up to file their story, the battling Bolsheviks could be seen through the windows singing *The Internationale* — a perfect background for the Sky hackette's camera statement.

Alas, the song finished before she did and the CP stalwarts were agape when, at her request, the guardians of political purity struck up another rousing chorus to oblige the evil empire of their erstwhile favourite hate-figure.

A GUSHING piece of showbiz drivel about Granada's amazingly bad Saturday night variety show, *Stars in their Eyes*, hosted by an allegedly sober Leslie Crowther, was cobbled together for the *Manchester Evening News* by freelance hackette Nicolette Webster, the paper's former staff fashion writer.

Webster, who enthusiastically described the show as "highly entertaining", quoted the Granada line that this was "not a talent show". That much was true. Not one of the wretched wax dummies who were paraded as star lookalikes and soundalikes had any talent at all.

The detailed research that had gone into Ms Webster's factually accurate report can be traced to her close relationship with the author of Granada's press release for the show: one Nicolette Webster.

Under late editor Doug Emmett, the *MEN* used to print Granada press releases verbatim using the witty anagrammatic by-line Dan Gara. Now it seems current editor Michael Unger isn't too fussy about using any old tripe to hype Granada shows.

VERONICA MULLEY, a senior BBC social affairs producer at Broadcasting House, was recently involved in an embarrassing incident when a research assignment took her to Gloucester where her old chum, Peter Gallimore, former deputy manager of *PM*, is the local station manager.

After several hours of liquid celebration with Gallimore, Mulley wandered into the radio station's newsroom and began to talk incoherently to one of the reporters. The reporter had no idea who she was and thought he could detect traces of "diced carrot" on her dress.

Before she could explain who she was, a producer, under the impression that she had escaped from one of the many nearby rehabilitation clinics grabbed her by the hand and led her out of the building.

BROADCAST hackette Claire Burnett was flattered when asked by moustachioed hippy Bernard Clarke, whose company produces the appalling *Hard News* for Channel 4, to report for a newssheet he wants to bring out at this month's International Television Festival in Edinburgh.

Having obtained permission from her editor at *Broadcast*, Burnett asked Clark what she would be paid. "Why nothing, of course," came the reply, "you do it simply for the buzz of being up there."

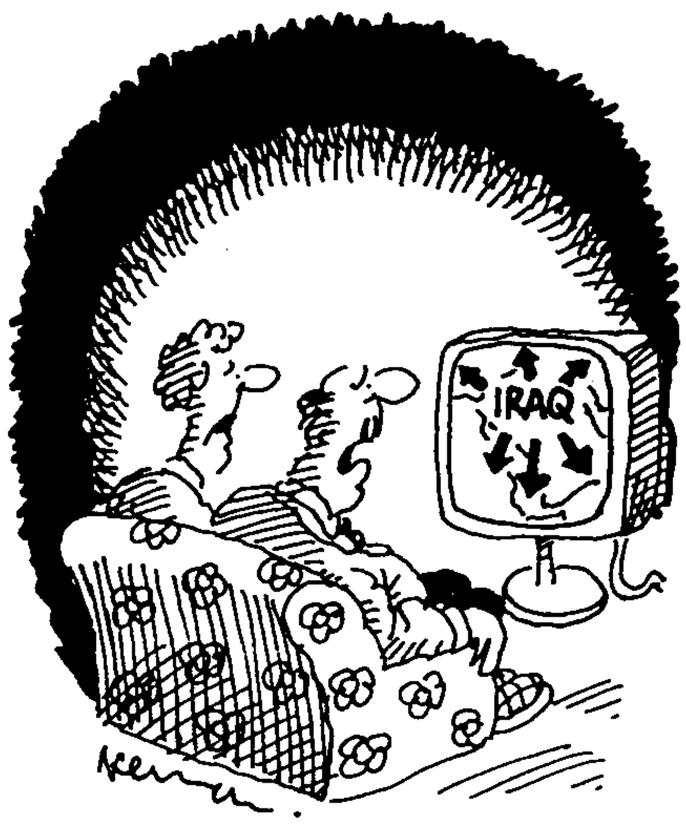
Still prepared to perform the glamorous task, Burnett then asked how much she could claim in expenses. "You don't need expenses," Clark explained. "You can get food at the free lunches and that kind of thing." This was too much, or too little, for the well-intentioned Burnett, who declined the assignment.

LORD CHALFONT'S radio authority has yet to get started, but no doubt its distinguished chairman will be appalled by the behaviour of Atlantic 252, the long wave station that began August by transmitting a barrage of abuse aimed at Neil Kinnock and the Labour Party.

Presumably this is the sort of bias the Government wants to stop; but Atlantic will be outside Chalfont's jurisdiction. The station is controlled by the British section of Radio Luxembourg and operates from Meath in the Irish Republic. Its broadcasts are aimed exclusively at England and Scotland.

Despite complaints from local commercial stations, the Government had few anxieties when Atlantic started last year. (This contrasts strongly with the vigorous measures taken by the Department of Trade and Industry against unlicensed broadcasters in international waters like Radio Caroline.)

This should interest egomaniacs and religious zealots who would jump at the chance to beam speech based, rather than music, programmes to the British Isles with minimal regulation.



"It'll Allah be over by Christmas"

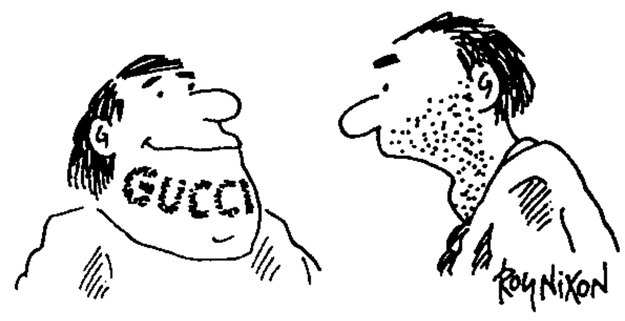
THE BBC's shifting of Radio One from medium wave to the clearer stereo FM band is well underway.

Taking each region in turn, engineers broadcast test transmissions for several weeks before the official "switch-on." These tests feature a tape, about 12 months old, of pop music interspersed with plugs for wonderful Radio One.

The cheery voice on the tape is that of Adrian John, longtime presenter of the station's early morning show. Until last year that is, when, embarrassed by criticism of its virtually all male line-up, DJ Jakki Brambles was poached by the BBC from London's Capital Radio.

Her sudden appearance in the Radio One studios meant there was no place for Adrian, whose contract was abruptly terminated. He left amid much grief to work in local radio, but will no doubt be thrilled to know his voice is still being used to plug the station that dumped him so cruelly.

WORLD OF HYPE



READERS of tabloid pop columns must be surprised by the amount of space devoted to the private life of non-singing boxer Gary Stretch.

Last week the *Sun's* gormless Piers Morgan and his anaemic *Mirror* counterpart Gill Pringle gushed simultaneously about Stretch's "close friendship" with rock star Chrissie Hynde. Similar non-stories have previously appeared courtesy of Morgan, Pringle and *The Star's* Linda Duff, linking Stretch to singers Mica Paris, Kylie Minogue as well as various nonentity models and alleged actresses.

How can identical stories appear in rival columns with such regularity? One possible explanation is that Stretch has hired PR hack Max Clifford to represent him, Clifford being the man who keeps the names of "celebrity" clients like Derek Hatton and Bungalow Bill Wiggins in the press while ensuring their availability as guests on dross like *Style Trial*.

Stretch no doubt gets his money's worth from Clifford, but why, apart from terminal laziness, should the pop writers give space to such drivel?

MORE problems for the Scottish Tories as their advertising agency goes the way of much local industry — into liquidation.

McCradie Advertising was responsible for the dire "Think Again, The Conservatives Are Right For Scotland" slogan which defaced hundreds of poster sites earlier this year. Now creditors are knocking on its door looking for around £115,000.

The agency's appointment was one of the first big decisions of Michael Forsyth, the Thatcher poodle imposed as party chairman. Ironically £115,000 is almost as much as Forsyth has paid out in redundancy cheques in the last year.

However, the departure of yet another senior party bureaucrat for being insufficiently dry has at last prompted a rebellion among the faithful and — more significantly — among those industrialists who put up the Tory cash.

THE investment prospectus for MMI, a PR outfit that has just joined the Unlisted Securities Market, makes very interesting reading.

It lists 19 retained financial and corporate clients for which MMI worked in 1989 and 1990; what it does not reveal is that nearly half are no longer retained clients: James Capel, BDA Holdings, Cassidy Brothers, Dowding and Mills, First Equity, Filmtrax, Sleepy Kids, Trevian Holdings and VG Instruments!

There is also a curious shrinkage of MMI's cash and deposits. Its chairman, Pat Morris, still awaiting his 30th birthday, told the *Sunday Telegraph* on 22 July and *PR Week* on 26 July that MMI had £650,000. In the prospectus published one week later the figure had dropped to £410,000.

Even this drop is meaningless without an up-to-date balance sheet revealing offsettable net liabilities. Here are some other MMI facts:

- Investigations reveal that Pat Morris was previously boss and controlling shareholder of another company that traded as MMI. This company, called Morris Marketing Intelligence, changed its name to Aviatape Ltd a month before it went bust four years ago. One investor — *not* called Pat Morris — lost £25,000.
- For a minuscule company MMI has a rapid turnover of staff. In the last 28 months, more than 30 people have left or been sacked.
- One of the 30 is a former director who is suing for breach of contract. If he wins, it could cost MMI more £100,000.
- Pat Morris told *PR Week* on 26 July: "If we wanted to cash in our chips we would sell the company." He told *Campaign* on 31 July that his merger talks with Hill & Knowlton were "ages ago — a year and a half." In fact MMI tried to sell itself to Hill & Knowlton, Doremus and Charles Barker within the last 12 months. All of them walked away. Wise investors will do the same.

Sally Deedes

ANOTHER example of how British Telecom, the hugely-profitable privatised telephone giant, is giving the phone user just what he or she doesn't want.

Those who request ex-directory numbers usually do so for a reason: to protect their privacy or to protect themselves and their families if they are in a line of business that might invite threatening behaviour. A Mr Anderson of London was one such subscriber.

He has been ex-directory since 1973. In 1987 he moved house and took his number with him, signing the transfer request and confirming his wish to remain ex-directory.

However, a year later his number and address was included in the 1988/89 directory, causing him and his family so much distress that several times they have contemplated moving house. His request for compensation from BT received a dismissive reply. It drew his attention to the small print at the bottom of page 2 of the current L-Z directory. "In no respect will British Telecommunications be liable in respect of any error or omission from any phone book." There would therefore be no compensation.

As Mr Anderson told me: "Many people could be in severe difficulties if their numbers were published. BT's attitude is the same as it was before it was privatised — I think it is outrageous."

He then contacted his MP, Diana Abbott, who wrote to BT chairman Ian Vallance saying that she found "this belittling of what is potentially an extremely dangerous situation to be totally unacceptable".

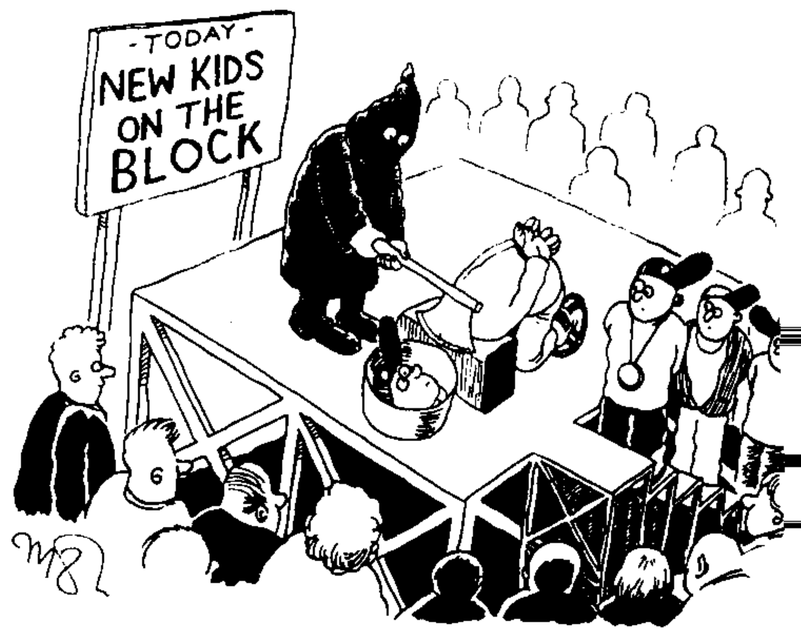
BT this time replied in a little more detail. It said Mr Anderson's paperwork was no longer available so it was impossible to confirm whether or not it was at fault. It went on to say that it had offered him a number change free of charge, together with a year's full rental rebate (Mr Anderson had never heard of this offer and nor has anyone contacted him as we went to press). It concluded that its terms and conditions specifically excluded liability of any sort.

BT might like to read the Unfair Contract Terms Act 1977, which in section 11 deals with what is deemed to be fair and reasonable. Concerning compensation, section 2 maintains that "a term which purports to exclude or restrict any relevant liability is not a term of the contract".

***FROM THE* Anthology of Totally Unintelligible Explanations Given by Banks**

comes another gem, this time from the Royal Bank of Scotland's Visa centre in Dunfermline.

In answer to a letter querying interest charges it wrote: "We would advise that interest is applied at the rate of 2.3 per cent per month, or 31.3 per cent APR (excluding cash advances) and is calculated on the daily balances outstanding. If only part payment is made interest is charged on the full balance until the day before receipt of the payment and thereafter on the reduced balance until the end of the statement period. In addition, interest is charged on purchases from the date that they are processed to the account. However, if payment is made in full no interest is charged"!



TUC NEWS

THE near-bankrupt, merger-threatened National Union of Journalists (overdraft: £600,000 and rising) is about to spend nearly £200,000 of its hard-scrounged funds on a controversial pay-off to retiring general secretary Harry Conroy and two members of his court.

This follows the Glasgow-trained Conroy's shock defeat in the union's recent elections at the hands of unknown *Daily Mirror* Public Opinion column editor Steve Turner. The election gave Turner, who has never held national office for the union nor (sensible man) ever attended the NUJ's bizarrely-named ADM conference, nearly 3,000 votes — almost double that for Conroy whose "assured" 5,000 block vote from his celtic homeland appeared to go the way of Scotland's World Cup hopes.

The blag-happy, Lunchtime O'Boozers who make up the NUJ executive were distressed to see a candidate who had rubbished the current Popcorn House regime achieve a resounding victory from the worthy cause-weary membership. Popcorn House has not allowed a smooth Turner takeover.

Turner's new contract is so draconian that not even a Maxwell-trained hack like him will readily sign it. Surprisingly, in view of the union's well-publicised financial hardship and presumed support for the free flow of information, Turner is forbidden from publicising "information relating to the affairs... or finances of the NUJ" and is even urged to "endeavour to prevent publication of any such information" whether or not the source is a union member! It also threatens instant dismissal for a long list of misdemeanours, including committal to a mental hospital under the 1959 Mental Health Act.

Turner may well end up in a loony bin if he abides too strictly by his new contract. For although Conroy will be allowed to keep his staff car for six months *after* his term finishes, Turner is not being allowed an official vehicle at all!

It appears that the near-bankrupt union has received "legal advice" that Conroy and his small but powerful minions are entitled to about £170,000 in golden handshakes, including one-year's compensation to Conroy for loss of earnings and one-year's pay in lieu of notice. NUJ leaders, it seems, forgot to sort out the latter clause when Conroy still had one year to go, probably because no previous

campain

DUE TO MIDDLE EAST CRISIS

EDMUNDS

JEWELLERS

ARE FORCED TO ANNOUNCE A

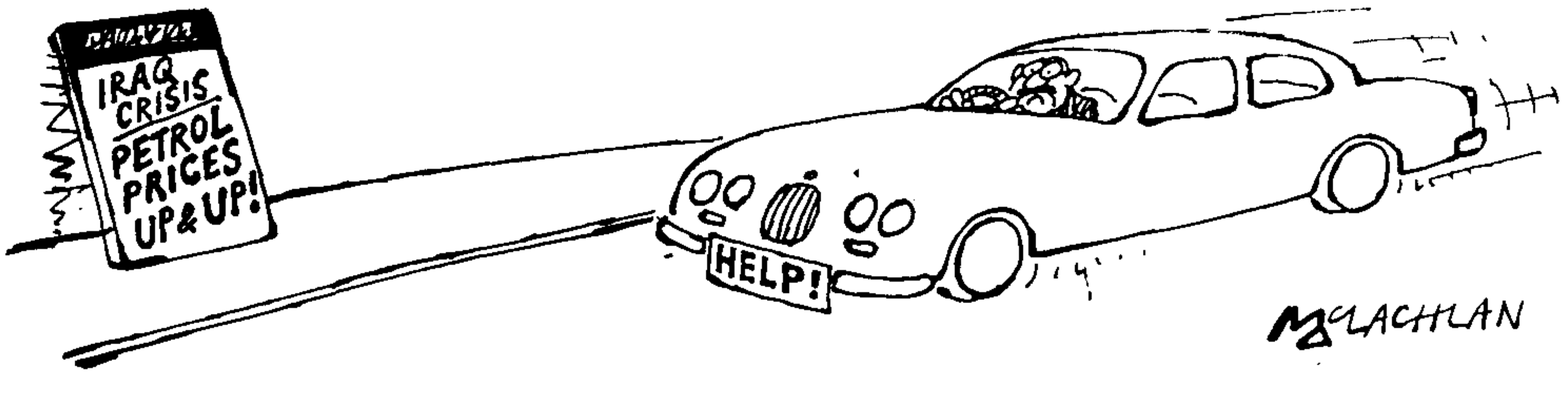
ONE - OFF NEVER TO BE REPEATED

CLOSING SALE

Whiteleys Shopping Centre

Contributor: Anon.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.



New 'H' registration cars

Sporting Life

TROUBLE in the Gulf is casting its shadow wide — even the sunshine and revelry of Glorious Goodwood was eclipsed by the events of Black Thursday, 3 August.

Just as Pastey Face Stroud, Bill Smith, the Hon Acton, Angus Gold and assorted others of the Maktoum family's "Lucky Club" were about to sit down to lunch, the awful truth dawned on them. This time next year, instead of ambrosia, they could lunching on cheese and pickle sandwiches on Trundle Hill. For had not their masters, acutely aware of the potential danger, abandoned the racecourse overnight and either dashed to their Carlton Towers HQ in London or taken a perilous flight to Dubai?

Pastey Face and chums suddenly realised they could be in serious trouble. If Saddam Hussein could snaffle up Kuwait and knock off one former racehorse-owning dynasty, what would be the consequences for them if he polished off Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates too? Toadies and flunkies are strictly dispensable commodities in a crisis, so that would mean no more lunch. No more expense accounts. No more Concorde trips to America. And no more magic carpet rides.

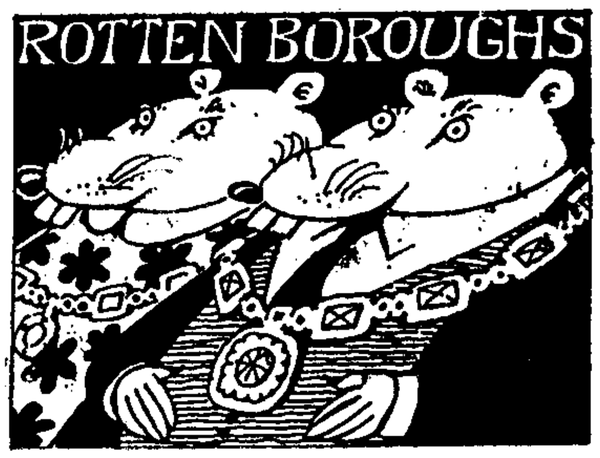
One or two senior racehorse trainers could be in trouble too. The likes of Cecil and Stoute will expect to serve the Japanese or whoever emerges as the next wave of top owners. But what of the fate of Peter "Basil Fawlty" Walwyn? Not so long ago Basil, champion trainer in the 70s, had been relegated to the status of a standing joke. His horses were useless, his successes negligible and people dived into the bar to avoid talking to him often to find that he was in there already. But just recently, and thanks almost entirely to the patronage of Hamdan Al Maktoum, the choleric Basil has made a return to the major courses.

He saddled Husyan to win the Scottish Classic at Ayr in July and Mukaddamah to win at Goodwood on Black Thursday. Following these victories the hacks have once again acclaimed him as a wise old hand and sagacious master of the game etc. Basil's first response to questions about these triumphs has proved that not only is he back but that he's as obnoxiously or perhaps comically irascible as ever.

"Where he runs next is nothing to do with the press or the public," he barked at two innocent hacks after the Ayr win. "It's entirely a matter for the owner. And what a wonderful owner he is. You couldn't wish to meet a nicer or more wonderful man. It really is incredible just how wonderful these Arabs are... etc, etc." And who can blame him for praising the man whose wallet has saved him from obscurity?

In this hour of danger Basil, Gold, Pastey Face and the rest might like to paraphrase the piece of doggerel attributed to Sir David Llewellyn but quoted by Little Lord Oaksey in his grovelling *Racing Post* tribute to the Queen Mum. "Through all our little problems/You keep on smiling through/We see a handsome khaki face/And sir we know it's you."

'Major Bonkers'



MURKEYSIDE

EVEN mayflies seem to live longer than Labour MPs on Murkeyside.

Mike Carr, only just elected to the Bootle constituency, died suddenly from a heart attack. His illness was allegedly brought on at a meeting where he was barracked by vengeful "Militant" harpies. The caring "sisters" blamed his demise on Tory cuts in the NHS.

The two other MPs who died in the last six months — Sean Hughes (Knowsley South) and Alan Roberts (also of Bootle) — were also in their mid-forties. Kinnock's quest for suitable replacements should perhaps focus more closely at medical rather than Militant records.

MEANWHILE ex-council leader Keva Coombes continues to auto-destruct. Having shaved off his beard to avoid recognition, he made a tired and emotional confession to the local rag that the council "fiddled and lied" about parks maintenance contracts. Spilling some of the beans in this way brought rebuke from Kinnockites, Militant and the SLD who all demanded Keva's resignation from the council.

IN THE midst of all this turmoil, Inspector Knacker has launched a big fraud inquiry into the workings of the council since 1983.

Knacker's men have at the top of their list the notorious Finch Lane land deal in which the participants stood to make £5 million profit at the expense of the ratepayers.

An interesting development is the news that Hatton's solicitor, Kevin Whalley, a beneficiary in the deal, will no longer share a partnership with solicitors Phillips & Harris because he breached the partnership agreement by involving himself in the transaction on a personal basis.

The cops are also looking at the sale of part of Croxteth Community Comprehensive School — fiefdom of "Militant" supporters George and Phil Knibb — and seem to suggest a connection between this and the high turnover of teaching staff who don't toe the Militant line.

George Knibb's Hattonista lifestyle has long been the subject of comment on Murkeyside. He is currently number four in the councillors' expenses charts with a claim for £9,250. Enraged citizens may follow George's advice on the poll tax and refuse to pay his expenses as well!

STAFFORDSHIRE

STAFFORDSHIRE police's bid to uncover the full sordid truth of the 10-year child porn ring run with local county council help (*Eyes passim*) **has produced some remarkable revelations.**

Inquiries now centre around the activities of a former local Labour councillor, recently jailed for sexually abusing young boys, who had been using his town hall status to gain entry to council-run homes, including the Riverside Home in Stoke.

The councillor used to visit Riverside with his partner-in-crime, also now jailed, and take young boys out on shoplifting sprees. Having gained an important psychological hold over them, the two men would then proposition the boys on pain of reporting their misdemeanours to the "authorities". The confused and frightened youngsters submitted.

Although these occurrences were not officially part of the council's notorious "pin-down" policy of controlling youngsters in care, critics are blaming pin-down for allowing such a perverse climate to flourish. These allegations are also now being investigated by the independent review, presided over by barrister Alan Levy QC, which has been set up to examine Staffs' social services.

Meanwhile, the National Association for Young People in Care (NAYPIC) is working with a number of former Staffordshire council home inmates who were on the receiving end of pin-down during the 1980s. NAYPIC is trying to establish grounds for taking criminal proceedings against Staffordshire for illegal restriction of liberty. It appears that NAYPIC may have an excellent case. Social services legislation states that young people, even those in care, are not allowed to be restricted in their movements unless direct consent is given by the Home Office. Ironically, the council's use of pin-down blatantly contravened Home Office guidelines.

BIRMINGHAM

THE CITY'S social services department has been forced to close its main remand home for children after attacks have left seven of its nine staff off work nursing injuries, including a broken leg and fractured skull.

The staff had already banned further admissions after a series of assaults. They are furious with senior managers whose inaction over the resulting staff shortages has led to domestic staff and even secretaries being forced to take on child care duties with some of the city's most dangerous youngsters.

The situation at Woodsong, part of the notorious St John's children's home in Erdington, reached crisis point after the children first tried to burn it down and then told staff they were "going to take over the unit".

The broken leg was sustained when a staff member fell over a wall as he tried to chase a youth who was absconding. The fractured skull was David Goodman's, hit with a chair leg having only just returned to work after recovering from other injuries.

Goodman called in the police, despite management pleas to keep the incident quiet, and the youth responsible is now in a juvenile remand centre.

A female member of staff had her earrings ripped off and suffered bad ear injuries in a struggle with a youth who had defied a smoking ban.

Meanwhile the department has allocated thousands of pounds to pay a full-time investigator to discover the source of leaks to the *Eye*. This move contrasts with the promises to compensate more than 40 children for the physical and sexual abuse they suffered at the hands of social workers but who have so far received not a penny.

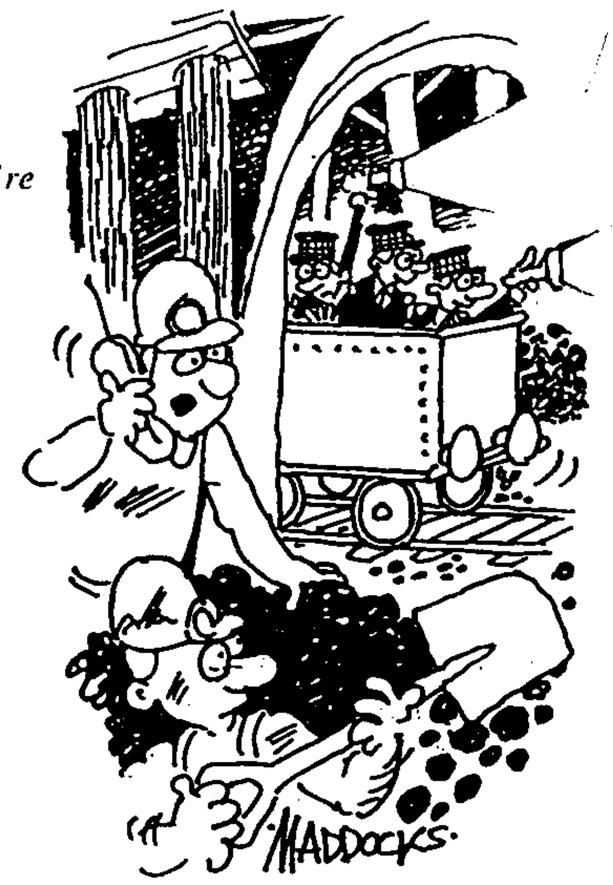
DEMOLITION NEWS

MR PAT KELLY (*Eyes passim*)**, proprietor of P J Murray (Haulage) and present employer of ex-Birmingham city demolition officer Robin Powell, has been to see his solicitors, Squire & Co, of Stratford Road, Shirley.**

Before the lawyers start making a hole in the profits Pat secured from the Butler's Brewery demolition contract (city demolition officer: R Powell), they might like to ensure they are in possession of the city's confidential Price Waterhouse report covering the contract — a copy of which is secured in Lord Gnome's vault.

It is also to be hoped that they realise their client is once again under fraud squad scrutiny as Inspector Knacker's men sift through the smouldering remains of Pat's Kelmac truck dealership — stopping only to duck the odd writ flying between various creditors and what remains of the West Midlands Hino agency.

"Hello? Arthur? I think they're serious"



TORIES ABROAD

IN A PANIC about the next election, Tory Central Office is redoubling its efforts to pull in the "ex-pat" vote: the vote of those who live abroad, pay no British taxes, obey no British laws and who are entitled, thanks to the new "Representation of the People Act", to vote in general elections.

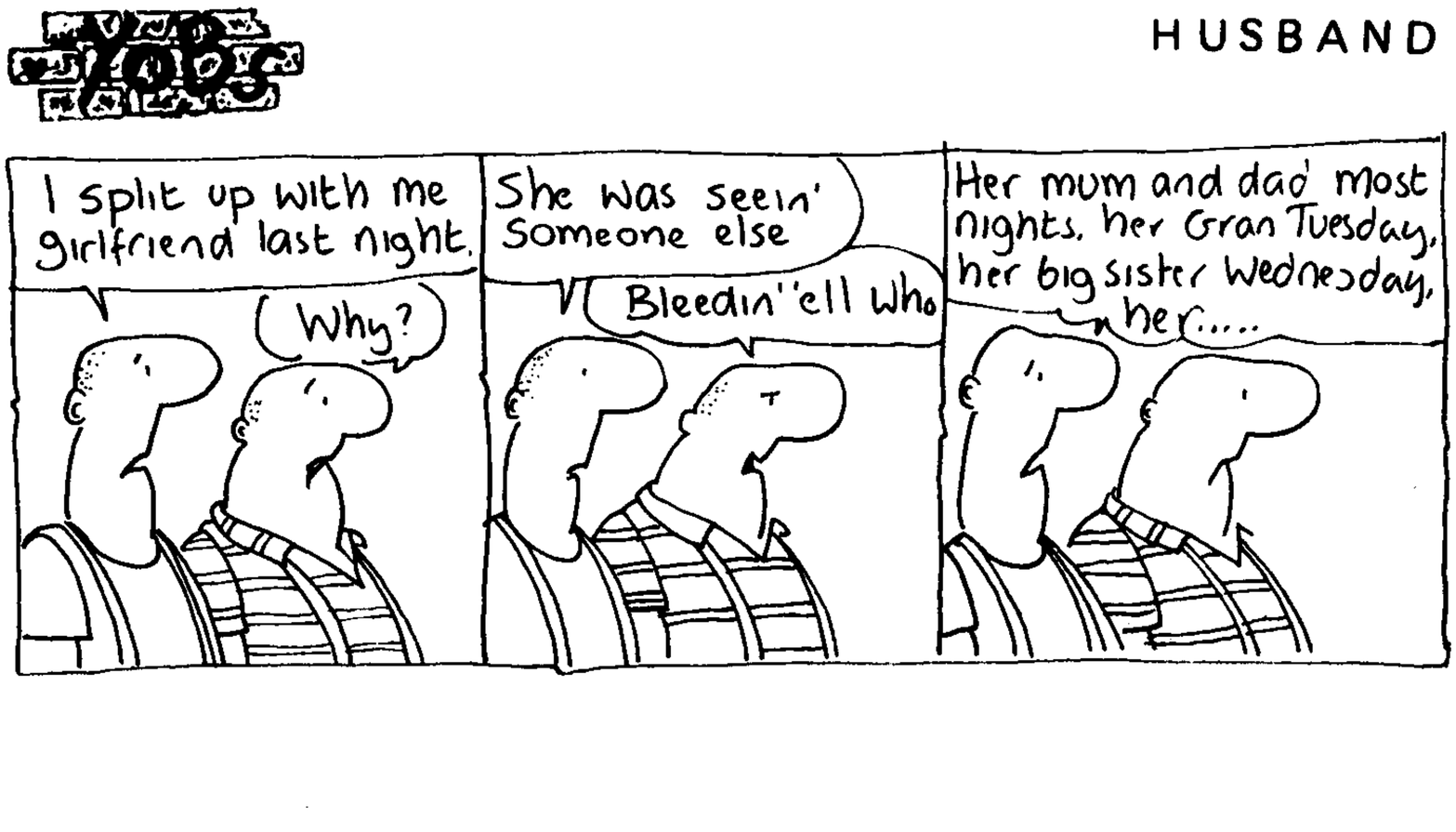
An "Offer from the Conservative Party" is now circulating all over the world, including a form on which the applicant fills in his or her name and address and "last United Kingdom registered address".

The applicant has three options. The first is to nominate a proxy to vote for them and get the Tory Party to send the form to "the relevant electoral registration officer for my last registered address below". Option Two says the nominated proxy "has still to advise me of his/her willingness to act" but also asks the party to forward the form to "the relevant electoral registration officer for my last UK registered address".

Option Three reads: "I enclose my application form to register as an overseas elector. I have left my proxy application form blank. Please find a reliable and qualified elector to act as my proxy and vote Conservative on my behalf. Please advise me of his/her name and address."

The curious feature of Option Three is that there is no reference to the last-registered UK address. The vagueness of the language and the way the whole matter is left to the Tory Party leaves open the doubt that the "ex-pat" vote will be studiously manipulated to make sure that the bulk of it is diverted to marginal seats.

Many ex-pats don't have a credible "last address" and even those who do will be quick to see the point that an extra Tory vote in Bournemouth is pointless but an extra Tory vote in Battersea could be vital. Thus it may well be that proxies are already being nominated by the tens of thousand (the Tories themselves hope to garner at least a quarter of a million new votes by this device) and are being marshalled on marginal seats on what could turn out to be the greatest electoral rigging of all time.


YOBS
HUSBAND
I split up with me girlfriend last night.
Why?
She was seein' someone else
Bleedin' 'ell Who
Her mum and dad most nights, her Gran Tuesday, her big sister Wednesday, her.....

Letters

Closely observed trends

Sir,

I am somewhat surprised by the complacent line of argument adopted by Mr Trelford in Eye 746.

He states that the new "Sundays" were targeted explicitly at Observer readers but that this caused 20,000 readers to defect from the Sunday Times. Does this not suggest that there were 20,000 people who were so dissatisfied with the Observer under his editorship that they had to read the Sunday Times until a worthwhile alternative came along?

I think Mr Roland should be told!

Yours faithfully,
SIMON REITER,

Leicester.

Back off the lorry

Sir.

Re: P.J. Murray (Haulage) Limited

We have been instructed to act for P.J. Murray (Haulage) Limited in connection with an article in your early July edition of Private Eye headed "Piss up in a brewery".

The article is clearly defamatory of our client and we have instructions to issue proceedings for damages.

The settlement in the dispute with the Birmingham Corporation was settled after two lengthy detailed meetings attended by both solicitors and quantity surveyors acting for both parties. Any suggestion that the claims were unjustified or were manipulated in collusion with Mr Robin Powell is wholly rejected.

Yours faithfully,
SQUIRE & CO,

Solihull, West Midlands.

● *See Demolition News*

Sweet talk

Sir,

With ref letters Eye 747, I thank David Black for his advice that sugar is more effective than salt to sabotage the concrete of Sizewell's pressurised water reactor.

I would guess from the size of the machine I saw on site that it would mix about 20 tonnes per batch. To achieve 0.2 per cent contamination as suggested I will need 40 kg of sugar.

I have decided to ask that any monies left over from the "Pinch of Salt" legal fund set up in my favour should be used for the purchase of sugar.

Yours faithfully,
ROGER STEARN,

Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Whip round

Sir,

I fear K. Jenkinson (Letters Eye 747) has taken too much of the sun lately, possibly in both forms.

As a hunt saboteur I too have come across "anarchic rent-a-mob" groups in the countryside. These hooligans rampage across the land damaging property and often assaulting anyone who crosses their path. They operate in gangs of a tribal nature and their goal is to kill. They are easily recognised by their red coats and whips.

My advice to anyone coming across any of these thugs is to inform Inspector Knacker immediately. You will find him enjoying a drink with prominent members of the gang.

Yours faithfully,
BRENDAN DELANEY,

London, E12.

Hunt balls

Sir,

Apart from consisting mainly of one-sided, out of date "news" your "Hunting News" seems determined to portray hunt saboteurs as a cross between Mahatma Gandhi and a baby seal.

As I recall it the hunt saboteurs who occasionally turned up to harass the Christ Church and Farley Hill Beagles were recruited ad hoc in London and given £17 per day each and free transport. Their main motivation, money aside, seemed to be the chance to rough up the hunt supporter who most resembled the "class enemy", usually by ambushing en masse some hapless straggler. Had animal welfare been on their mind they would have gone off and liberated some edible snails as anyone could have told them that the CC & FH couldn't catch a hare if it leapt at them.

Perhaps you yourself enjoy sabotaging hunts more than digging up some real news for your readers. I think I will subscribe to the new, exciting Spectator.

Yours faithfully,
G. BUSBY,

Königswinter.

O.B.N.

Few journalists are proud of anything they have written. But some verses I wrote for The Life still give me special pleasure:

"Ma'am, if you'd never won a race,
The Turf would still be blessed in you
Who, with the worst of luck to face,
Still come serenely smiling through
And that is why in happier hours
When you stand in the winner's place
We treat your wins, like you, as ours."

JACK LOGAN
Sporting Life

Dear Queen Mum: On the eve of your 90th birthday, a question. How come you only look 60?

JONATHAN KING
Sun

Submitted by Tim Hopkins, Laura Benfield.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Harlowed grounds

Sir,

Re: Humdrum Harlow

So, Cllr Danvers tries to trivialise the happenings in "humdrum, high-spending" Harlow.

The Treasurer was due to retire, but did not return to work following his reinstatement. He had carried out the same bit of umpiring the previous year — and claimed the same expenses without difficulty.

Perhaps your correspondent could be more forthcoming as to why someone so young and inexperienced, and with political connections, was appointed to the politically sensitive post of Deputy Returning Officer? If the Council can be so inept over this appointment, how many other positions of politically independent council officers have been similarly filled?

I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
SIMON CARTER,

Harlow, Essex.

In vestments

Sir,

Once again "Piloti" draws attention to the money spent making additions to church buildings, in order to satisfy the Rite of Coffee and Lavatory after a service. Why is it that such additions have come to public notice only in recent years?

The answer is that once upon a time the congregation could go back to the vicarage for coffee after a service, if they so desired. Today, however, in many parishes the vicarage is a no go area, for all but a select handful of the congregation who are the vicar's chums. Why?

The new breed of clergymen sees himself not as a friend and adviser to all, but a professional man offering a service to the community, on a par with the local doctor or solicitor. He would no more have all the congregation back in the vicarage for coffee, than a solicitor would ask his clients home, or a general practitioner his patients.

Then there are the clergy wives. They no longer "marry the job", and are not prepared to have their husbands work, in the form of thirsty parishioners, in their home.

Finally, there is the legacy of the shortsighted policy of selling off the large, usually Victorian, vicarage, for a quick cash advantage. I have never known a modern vicarage large enough for parish entertaining, so something has to be built which is, and stuck to the side of the church building.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN C. WELCH,

Croydon, Surrey.

Sounding off

Sir,

In Eye 747 your anonymous literary reviewer chastises Vikram Seth for "continual degeneration into assonance" in his poem "Soon" and gives as an example the rhyming of "God" with "good". This is not assonance, which refers to the repetition of vowel sounds, but consonance, the repetition of consonant sounds before and after different vowels. It is particularly associated with the poetry of Wilfred Owen. Would your reviewer say of him, as he does of Seth, that he "simply abandoned the attempt to find proper rhymes"?

Yours faithfully,
R.L. JEFFCOATE,

Liverpool.

Towing the party line

Sir,

You would be in a stronger position to criticise Telecom's "0898" lines if you didn't accept advertising from grubby swindlers such as in your issue no 745.

Ya boo!

ANON.

Lookalike

Pimp

Blimp

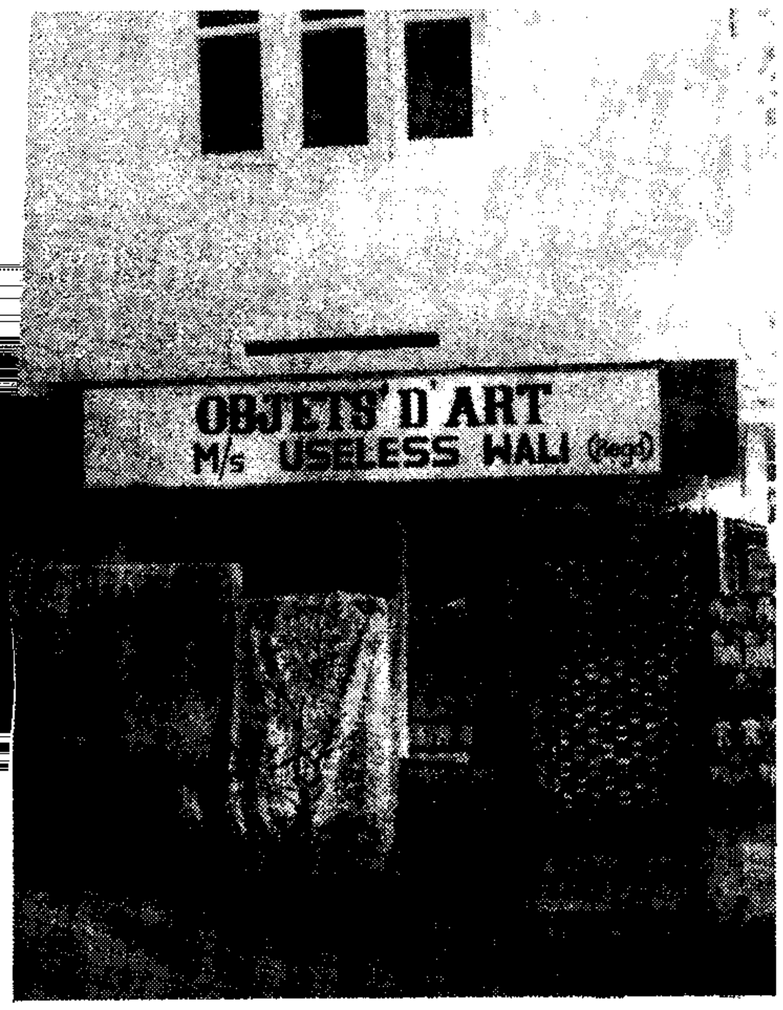
Sir,

I wonder if you have noticed the striking similarity between the Eurasian pimp, as played by Jonathan Pryce in Miss Saigon, and the European blimp (aka Cap'n Bob). Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
M. WIRT,

Middlesex.

-SPY *Kovalam Beach, South India.*



Submitted by A.D. Dougal. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

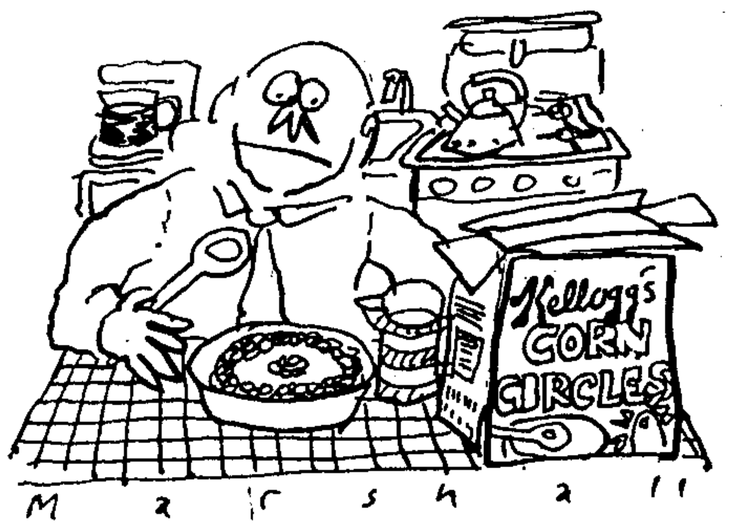
Minuti-eye

Sir,

I do not understand the point of Sally Deedes' item in Eye 747, about British Rail saving one minute's running time by realigning the Weedon curves. BR does boring things like this all the time, saving boring time, energy, etc, and will doubtless continue to do so. Are you by any chance trying to compete with your customers by entering for your own bore of the year competition?

If so, I must retaliate by pointing out that covering two miles at 100 mph instead of the present 80 does not save a whole minute, only about 16 seconds. So there.

Yours faithfully,
M.J. OAKLEY,
Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.



Single market

Sir,

In Berlin on 13 July I bought a copy of The European — an issue dated the weekend of 13-15 July. At DM 3.80 it was expensive and poor value.

On 20 July I was in Cologne and spotted a European in a street kiosk — it was the same issue. Then while awaiting the boat at Le Havre on 24 July, I saw the very same paper still on sale in a newsagent's.

If this issue of the paper is so successful, perhaps it is time that Capt. Maxwell thought of bringing out another one.

Yours etc,
GEORGE SASSOON,
Warminster, Wilts.

Clever stuff

Sir,

Christopher Padley (Eye 747) wrote to clarify a point about the origins of IQ (intelligence quotient) tests but only succeeded in scattering misconceptions about like confetti. To do justice to the subject would involve a letter far surpassing in length any which Larry Adler has sent you. Accordingly, I will restrict myself to commenting on Padley's letter.

Binet did not invent IQ tests. He is attributed with being the originator of an intelligence test. To those new to this debate this may seem like a quibble, but the confusion between intelligence and IQ is a crucial one: a single score cannot adequately represent a person's intellectual abilities.

I recommend Stephen J Gould (1981) The Mismeasure of Man (Penguin) to anyone who, like Padley, doubts a connection between eugenics/racial supremacy and the theoretical background of IQ.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID CLARK-CARTER,
Mapperley, Nottingham.

Pearl of wisdom

Sir,

Re: TV Eye, Design Classics (Eye 746)

Perhaps the Shell logo does stand symbolic — for when spokespersons for this giant organisation are questioned about oil spillages and the like, don't they tend to "clam up"?!

Yours faithfully,
M.R. TURNER,
Hertford, Herts.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"He didn't drop the bat. It fell out of his hand."
RAY ILLINGWORTH, BBC
(Ludovic Kennedy)

"Mansell, Senna, Prost. Put them in any order and you end up with the same three drivers."
DEREK WARWICK, LBC
(Phil Caswell)

"Top scorer so far is Watkinson with his 50 or Atherton with his 40."
BRIAN JOHNSTON, RADIO 3
(D.B. Gardner)

"In many ways this is Allan Lamb."
TOM GRAVENEY, BBC 2
(Dev Varma)

"That's another nail in what looks like being a very good score."
JACK BANNISTER, BBC 2
(R. Harskin)

Postcard from **New Zealand**

from Our Own Correspondent

WHAT induces nearly 900,000 tourists to visit New Zealand every year, apart from the sheep?

For the holiday company Newmans Tours, the main attraction is the country's unique natural environment. Its promotion efforts not only introduce people to the unspoilt wonder of New Zealand's forests and the beauty of its rare birds, but also bring in much-needed foreign exchange.

Unfortunately, Newmans Tours' hard work is being thwarted. Some companies don't much care that the unspoilt nature of New Zealand brings in nearly 900,000 tourists a year, and they are chopping down the native trees and killing off the rare birds.

One such is a company called Nelson Pine Forests Ltd, which is owned by Sumitomo Forestry of Japan and a New Zealand company called — funnily enough — Newmans. Are they by any chance related? Apparently, yes.

The Newmans that chops down trees is the same Newmans that owns Newmans Tours. So while Newmans the Tour People are flying in planeloads of tourists to admire the scenery, Newmans the Tree People are busy tearing it down.

"Here and around the world, we're making the most of our natural resources," proclaims the Newmans group advertising slogan.

There's certainly no arguing with that. The New Zealand Rainforest Coalition, consisting of 12 environmental groups, says that 16,000 hectares of native forest have been felled in NZ since export wood-chipping began in 1971, by Newmans and other companies. 125,000 hectares are now potentially available for logging.

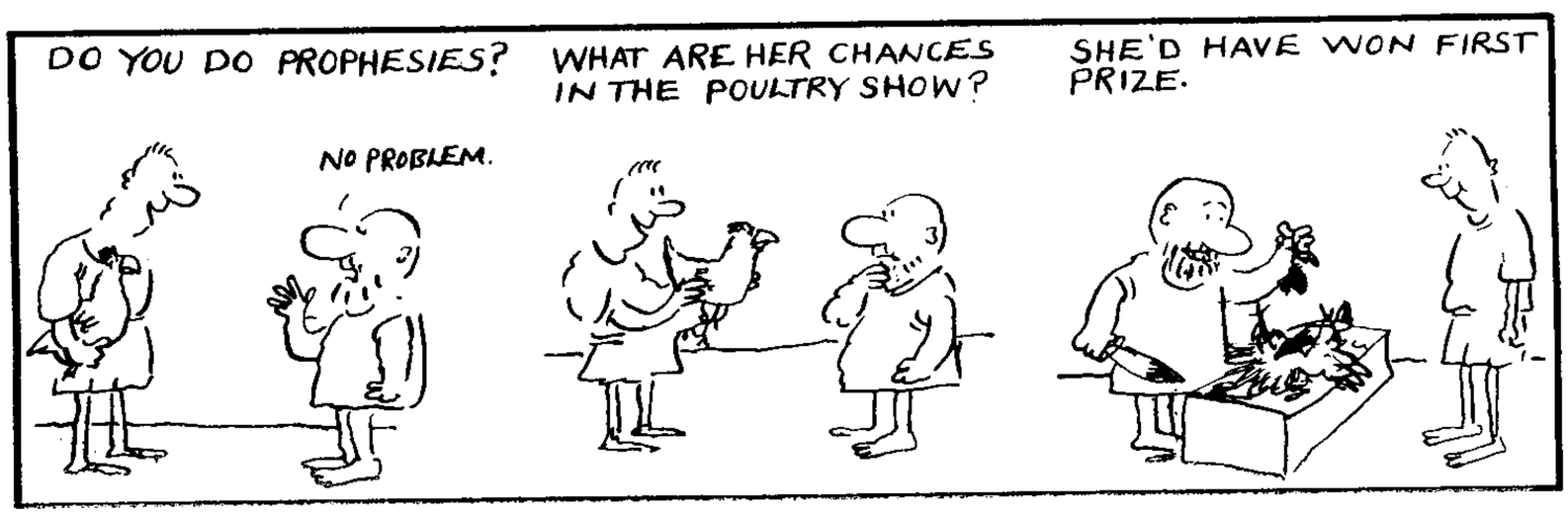
Woodchipping is responsible for 67 percent of the forest destruction on private land, and yet directly employs only around 100 people (as opposed to 40,000 in other fields of forestry, such as sawmilling). The revenue gained is a fraction of what is earned through tourism, and even the Newmans woodchipping operation is only marginally profitable.

New Zealand's *Forest & Bird* magazine is also concerned about the felling. "Travellers on the highways and country roads within a wide radius around the chipmills are confronted by the large-scale devastation of this country's natural heritage," states the magazine, in an article referring to Newmans the Tree People.

Yet Newmans the Tour People continue to coax tourists out to New Zealand with glossy brochures that proclaim, as main attractions: "a peaceful and pollution-free countryside... sub-tropical and primeval forests".

All of which probably makes perfect sense to Newmans. But to most of us New Zealanders it sounds like something that just dropped out of the back of a sheep.

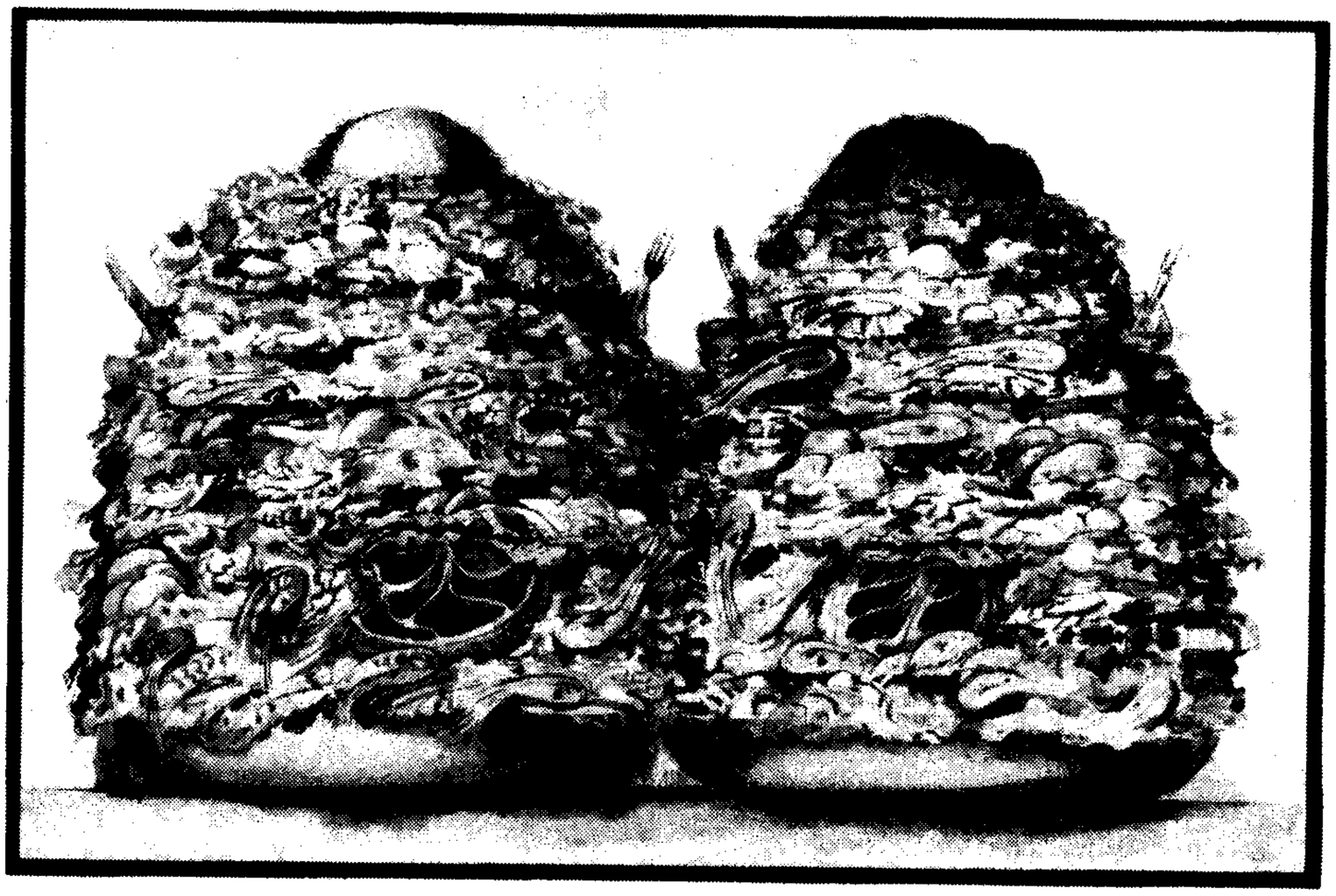
HOM SAP BY DAVID AUSTIN



TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN



AFTER an early-evening raid on the Bamboo Villa, a restaurant in central Calcutta, Inspector Prasna Mukkerjee, the head of the city's Detective Department, said: "The Bamboo Villa is not a restaurant. It is a brothel. It does not sell food. Even very small snacks are unavailable. It has no tables and no chairs. But it has fifty beds in the same number of cubicles. None of the ladies present had any experience of cooking or waitressing.

"My men arrested 22 prostitutes, seven solicitors, five accountants and two insurance brokers."

INTERVIEWED shortly after the event, Mr Endo Ibibi, secretary to the Governor of Emugu Prison, Nigeria, said: "A very substantial crowd turned out for the execution of the armed robber Ara Ibeabuchi. Many of those present were Ara's victims, or members of their families, and much beer was consumed. After the firing squad took up their positions there was a long delay during which the crowd grew restive. Then Deputy Governor P.T. Karkarso announced that the execution had been cancelled because Ara had, in fact, died of cancer in prison on 22 February last.

Over 20 people were arrested in the trouble that followed the Deputy Governor's announcement, and Mr Karkarso gave his word that he is taking no chances and intends to check that the dead man was Ara and not somebody else.

DURING the inquiry, Mr and Mrs Robert Grizzard said they were surprised when the people at the next table — who turned out to be a Mr and Mrs Gene Moran — ordered a fifth, extra-large, portion of jumbo shrimps "with triple trimmings".

"We are regulars at the Firefox Inn," said Mrs Grizzard, "and we had never seen anything like it. After the fifth jumbo-shrimp platter, Mr and Mrs Moran ordered, and ate, four dozen steamed oysters each, then a panful of cream baked potatoes, and a large dish of mountain carrots. After that, it was back to a further two dozen steamed oysters, finishing up with a 12-egg jam omelette — the Firefox's speciality — half a shelf from the cheese trolley and an entire basket of water biscuits. They signed the bill and asked for five doggie-bags. The staff were stunned."

Admitting that Mrs Grizzard's evidence was correct, Mr Moran said that after 20 years loyal service he had been awarded a free dinner by his employers, the Lakeland Water Company.

"They said there was no limit to the ticket," he said. "'Enjoy yourselves,' they said. So we did."

AFTER saving Miss Katy Ethel's dog "Monty" from drowning in the Regent's Park Canal, Mr Mark Byre received flowers from the thankful owner in West Hampstead Hospital where he had been detained for concussion after slipping in some dogshit on the canal bank.

WARNING his congregation against popular music, Cardinal John O'Connor of New York described a meeting of rock'n'roll devil-worshipping teenagers attended by one of his priests, during which "the company only postponed their mass suicide, and then joined in a rock version of 'I'm Going Home for Christmas' with a new lyric: 'I'm going home to Satan' ".

INFORMATION: Calcutta Statesman 19.6.90; Saudi Gazette 14.6.90; The Orlando Sentinel 7.6.90; Camden Journal 21.6.90; Aberdeen Press & Journal 21.5.90.

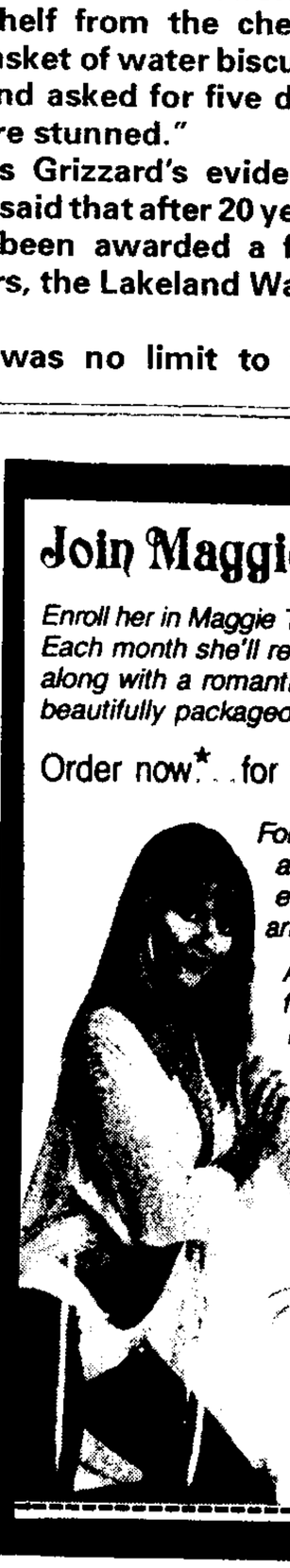
MONITORS: Jack Preger, R.A.C. Rice, Stewart J. Wild, Malcolm Gaskill, Richard Henderson.

"George's was a Polo accident, too – he stepped on a packet that someone had dropped"

Join Maggie T's "Pantasy Club"...

Enroll her in Maggie T's "Pantasy Club" for 3, 6 or 12 months. Each month she'll receive a "Pantasy"...a beautiful panty along with a romantic poem and a potpourri sachet — all beautifully packaged and mailed directly to her.

Order now*...for the Holidays



For that special day she'll receive a personalized card announcing your gift. Then every month thereafter, a "Pantasy" will arrive to remind her of your thoughtfulness.

All panties are beautifully styled in the finest fabrics and laces. With a 12 month membership she will receive a "Maggie T's Dozen" (13 panties).

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Los Angeles Times Magazine

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

The big crisis here, as you can imagine, is whether we go to Cornwall this week or next, so don't buy your OAP RivieraSaver until you get the green light from DT. Bell is very bullish about the Gulf Holocaust Scenario, coming as it does as light at the end of the tunnel after several months of the Boss trailing in the Polls. What is known in the PR Room as FF (for Falklands Factor) has been called into play, with the Sun being told that it was M. who put the backbone into Basil Bush, otherwise he'd never had had the guts to put his glasses on and read all that guff off the Hopalong Screen.

My own view, which I put forcibly to Bell as he was fanning himself in the vestibule with a Japanese paper fan, was that it was one thing to go it alone against the might of Galtieri and his Argie hordes, and quite another just to tag along behind Bush with a lot of Gippos and Frogs. Bell said that wasn't the point, wars united the nation, took public attention away from mortgage rates etc, our gallant boys all fighting for Margaret, you watch. Furthermore Major, who was now way up shit creek without a canoe let alone a paddle over this inflation business, had been offered a helicopter rescue out of his predicament for which we should all be truly grateful. All he had to do in future was to blame inflation on the Wogs for hiking up the petrol price and blowing us all off course.

It so happened that we were lodging with Bush the night the balloon went up, Margaret guest of honour at some ballsaching economic summit in Colorado, where we were guests of the United States Ambassador at the Court of St James, one H. Chatto, a melancholy soul with a penchant for long silences, though this may have been brought on by my own overtures about golf. His millionaire log-cabin was, alas, inadequately curtained, with the result that our most intimate moments were watched through binoculars by ranks of security men. M. was getting a big hand from the very rich Americans when she did her stuff about rolling back the frontiers of Jacques Delors, and drawing up a new Magna Carta to protect the ordinary citizen from the bureaucrats of Brussels, and the Bushes had dropped in for a small celebratory clambake round the Chattos' microwave barbecue.

Grandma Bush, as I think I told you, is a fellow-wino, and she and I mixed a pretty lethal Lake Woebegon Killer, consisting of three parts rum, and the remainder pure alcohol with fruit floating in it to disguise the taste. It was some way into the evening when Bush's vodaphone went off, and after several hilarious minutes of looking for it, Grandma Bush hoiked it out from under the settee where she had put it with her knitting. Bush eventually managed to find the right button, and a CIA man came on to say that the Iraqi hordes were massing on the border of Kuwait, what should they do? Bush passed this message, somewhat incoherently, to the Boss. Margaret said there was no cause for alarm. She had spoken to the Foreign Office only that afternoon, and the situation was under control, just a bit of sabre-rattling to push up oil prices. This Sadam cove was one of our closest allies in the area, buying millions of pounds worth of British goods every year, giant guns etc, and the idea of him betraying our trust was, as Margaret said in a voice slightly slurred by drink "wholly ludicrous".

Her harangue was interrupted by a strange smell of burning clams from the microwave, as in the excitement of the moment Grandma B. had failed to turn the knob to Automatic.

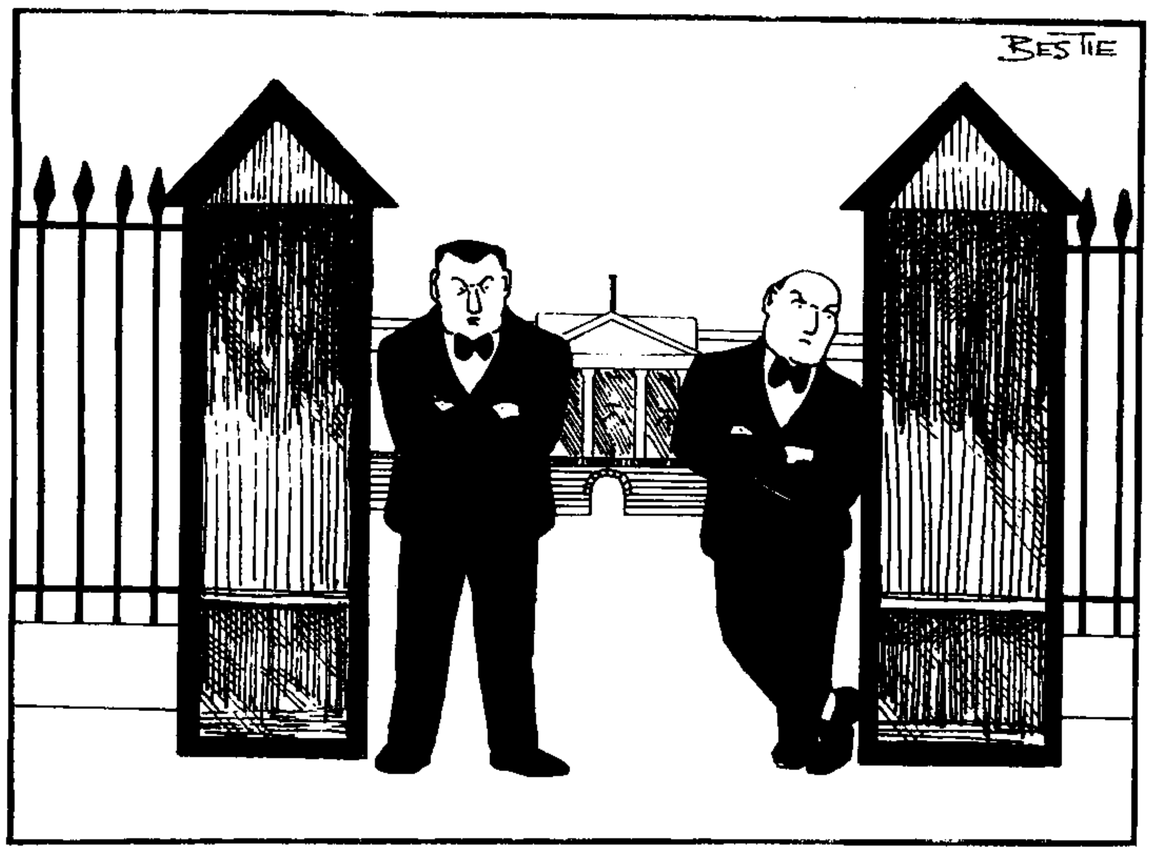
Since then, events have, as you may have observed, taken a momentous turn, with the world once again poised on the brink. Bush, who has a whole team of Bells operating from Madison Avenue, has been advised to play the Drake on Plymouth Hoe Gambit, and be seen on prime time TV spending a miserable rain-drenched holiday on the coast of Maine, keeping in touch throughout by vodaphone, and occasionally breaking off the carefree round of sailing and golf to give a press conference on the eighteenth hole.

If the Boss chooses to play the same card, Cornwall will be turned from an ordinary Downing Street in the Country, with dogs hired in for photo opportunities, to a full-blown media circus with Yours Truly as comic relief. With any luck she may decide to stay on the bridge, in which case you and I can slope off to Worplesdon for a day or two of innocent delight.

Have you ever heard of a place called Glyndebourne? Outside it looks a pretty innocent country spread with drinks on the terrace, but the chap who runs it added on a fully camouflaged Opera House. One minute you're knocking back the snorts, next thing you're trapped with a whole lot of bowtied Boxwallahs on expenses listening to the most grisly Eyeties caterwauling away, often for hours on end. On this occasion I knew what was coming, and had packed my Walkman and tape of Golfing Highlights with Bob Hope commentary, together with a Queen Mother gusset flask to keep me going through the long dark hours. Luckily, the bloke in charge had taken pity on us, introduced a bit of a strip show in the middle, and cut out all the words, so it was just a lot of Krauts in T-shirts farting about in front of picture-postcards of Los Angeles, and everyone caught the last train home with nearly an hour to spare.

Yours on a cloud, with or without a harp,

Denis



ARMY CUTBACKS CAUSED DRASTIC CHANGES AT THE PALACE

'Profiteering' claims after 10% hike

by Our Oil Staff
Brent Crude Saddler

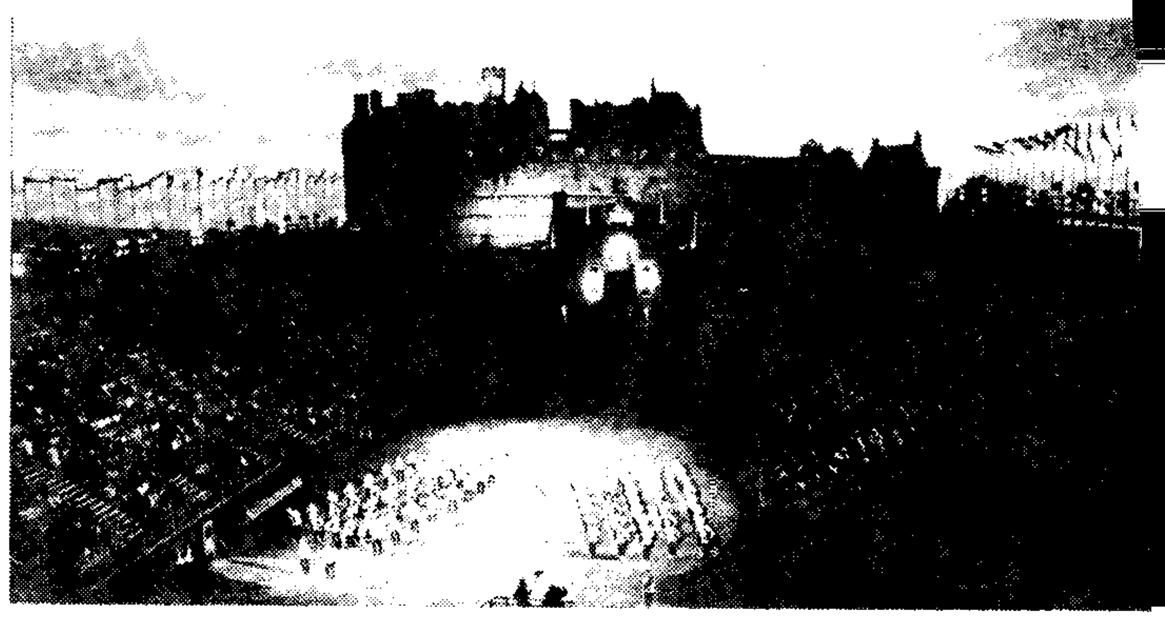
There were angry claims from Opposition leaders last night that senior Tories were "cashing in on the Middle East crisis".

They pointed to a dramatic ten per cent increase in the popularity of Mrs Thatcher, following a previous steady decline over many months.

"This sudden increase is a disgrace," said one Labour backbencher. "It is nothing more than blatant speculation, taking advantage of a tragedy for personal gain."

Mr Kinnock is on holiday.

EDINBURGH



PICK OF THE FRINGE

1.30 a.m. Sauchiehall Community Theatre (venue 3703). The KathiKerbi Theatre of Kerala present *Macbeth* — a four-hour mime with the drama relocated in the islands of Tibet *(Shurely "highlands"? Ed).*

10.30 a.m. St Loony's, Market Place (venue 7713). *An Evening With Hamish McDiarmid.* The famous Scottish poet is brought to life by actor Donny McTroosers in a three-hour one-man show. Highlights include the '72 canto "Ballad of the Unemployed Shipbuilder".

12.00 a.m. The Assembly Halls (venue 3). *Live Sex on Stage* from the University of New Dworkin Theater Space. This stunning analysis of live sex on stage, dissecting modern theatre and current sexual mores, evokes large amounts of publicity and huge audiences hoping to see some tit'n'bum.

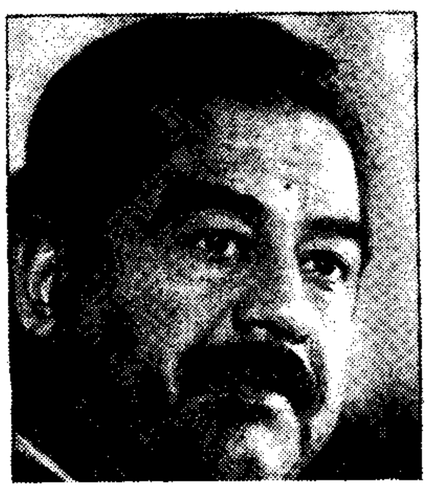
2.30 p.m. The Forecourt of the Gulf Petrol Station, Princes Street (venue 237). The Puppet Theatre of Kuwait presents *The Rise and Fall of the British Emir.*

11.30 p.m. The Lodge, Duncannon Street (venue 478). Moscow University Searchlights Revue Group presents *I Belong to Glasnost.* A gentle satire on Boris Yeltsin and the opponents of Perestroika. (Winner of the 1990 Perrierstroika Award.)

(That's enough Fringe. Ed.)

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
THE GALAXY WAS FILLED WITH OMENS OF DOOM AS THE CONFEDERATION OF VENUSIAN INDUSTRIES MADE ITS REPORT...
IT'S NOT ALL BAD NEWS, MAGGON – DEPRESSING FIGURES ARE UP!
OUTLOOK
THERE'LL BE A LOT OF TIGHTENING BELTS.
PERHAPS YOU'LL BELT UP ABOUT YOUR BRILLIANT RECORD!
MEANWHILE, DIRE AND PIGBY HEADED OFF ON SPACE LEAVE DURING ANNUAL SUMMER RECESSION...
BY THE SHARES WHILE THEY'RE LOW!
YES, A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A REST, PIGBY.
PITY THE PUBLIC DOESN'T SEEM TO AGREE WITH YOU.
I'M OFF TO WALES FOR A TALKING HOLIDAY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NOTHING SPECIAL.
OH – SOME WRITING.
SUFFERIN' SUNBURN!
SUDDENLY, THE EXPLODING OIL PLANET OF RAQ BROUGHT CHAOS TO THE COSMOS, AS MAJOR JOHN WAS BLOWN EVEN FURTHER OUT OF CONTROL...
OH NO! WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN?
AND JUST WHEN EVERYTHING WAS GOING SO BADLY!
LAST PETROL BEFORE THE MILKYWAY
HUSSEIN WILL WRECK THE ECONOMY!
THE SPACE RAT! THAT'S MY JOB!
THE MAGGON WAS FURIOUS WITH HER DIPLOMATS FOR THEIR FAILURE TO SPOT THE IMPENDING CONFLAGRATION...
WHY DID YOU IGNORE THE SIGNS?
SORRY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
WE CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH RAQ.
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE WE CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH ANYONE! LOOK AT THE FIGURES – WE'RE USELESS!
ACROSS THE GALAXY IN THE MAGGON'S CONTROL CENTRE, THE ATMOSPHERE DARKENED...
WE DON'T LIKE BEING PUSHED AROUND BY BULLIES, DO WE?
DON'T WE? ANYTHING YOU SAY, MAGGON.
IT LOOKS LIKE WAR.
THAT'S TERRIBLE NEWS FOR EVERYONE.
YEP! FOURTH TERM HERE WE COME!

Your Cut Out and Keep Guide to Who's Who in the Middle East

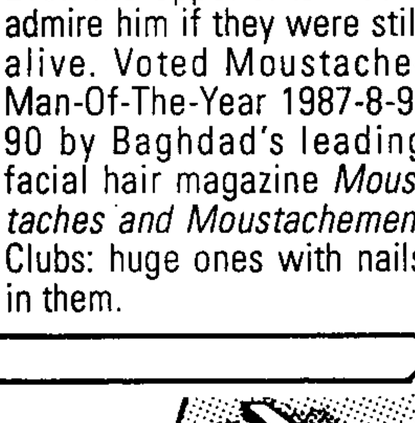


SADDAM HUSSEIN, President of Iraq, Kuwait (possibly more).
Ambitious, intensely able, charismatic mass-murderer. Even his opponents would admire him if they were still alive. Voted Moustache-Man-Of-The-Year 1987-8-9-90 by Baghdad's leading facial hair magazine *Moustaches and Moustachemen*. Clubs: huge ones with nails in them.

SHEIKH HUSSEIN AL JOLSON, present Prime Minister of Kuwait Province, Greater Iraq.
Small, ambitious, intensely related to his brother-in-law Saddam Hussein, who gave him Kuwait as a surprise 21st birthday present. When in Kuwait City he would not like to meet the members of the 82nd US Airborne Division.

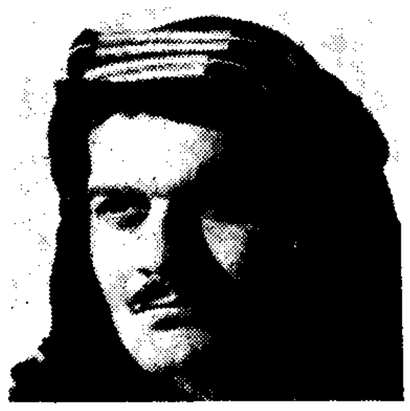
SHEIKH RATTLE-AN-ROLL-OVER, little known Emir of the Trucial Arab Protectorates (TAP).
Sheikh Rattle has made his position towards Iraqi dominance of the Middle East unequivocally clear. It's fine by him, so long as they let him keep his 79 Rolls-Royces and his 16 houses in Berkshire and allow his wives a Gold Card Shoplifting Facility in Harrods.

SALMAN-AL-RUSHDIE, exiled novelist, whereabouts unknown.
Ambitious, hugely rich author of *Salman the Helicopter and Other Tales*. When in London he would like to be able to walk down the street.



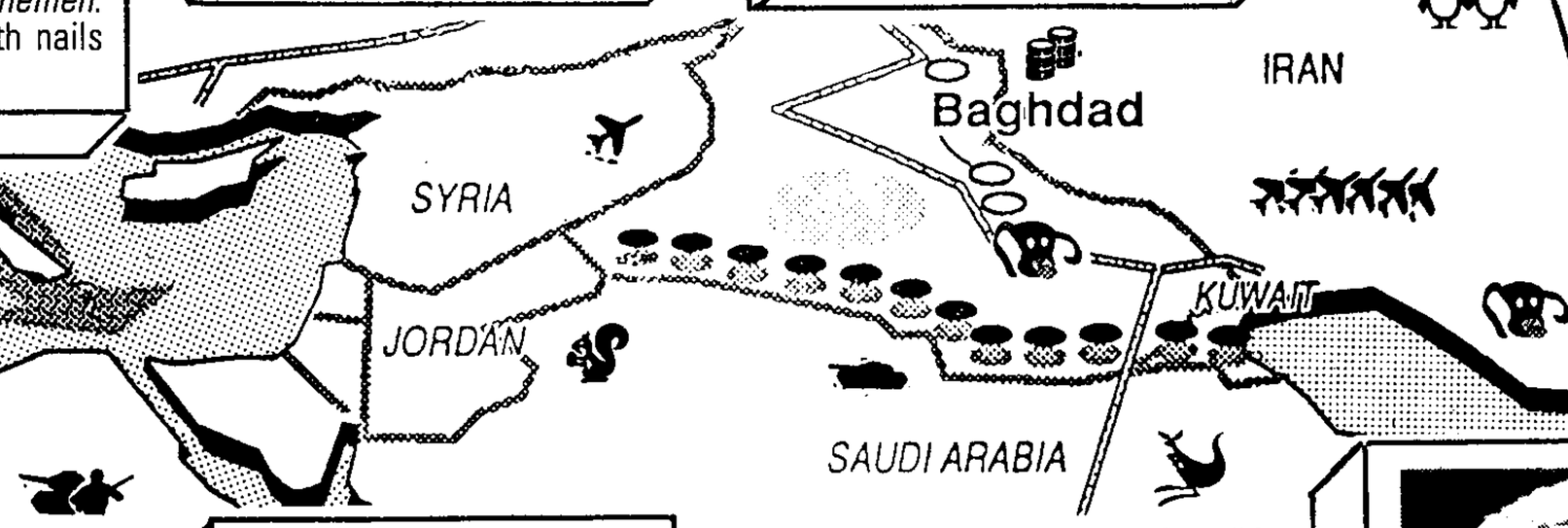
KING HUSSEIN, King of Jordan (at present).
Small, intensely frightened Old Harrovian. Keen admirer of Neville Chamberlain. When in Baghdad would like to lick boots of above. Hobbies: legover.

SHEIKH HUSSEIN-AL-OVER-FOR-ME, deposed ruler of Kuwait.
Small, depressed, intensely broke former strong man of oil-rich Kuwait. Has personal assets estimated at 0.38p. Now loitering within-tent somewhere in Saudi desert. When in Kuwait would like to be back in power.



HUSSEIN-AL-MUBARAK, President of Egypt.
Large, intensely shifty Arab statesman who has made his position unequivocally clear by expressing strong condemnation of the US 6th Fleet by allowing it to sail through the Suez Canal.

SIR MARM-AL-ADE HUSSEIN, Ruler of the BBC.
Large, moorhen-loving, affable autocrat who has ruled BBC with a rod of iron since the dramatic coup of 1987 in which his predecessor, Al Asdair Milne, was forced to abdicate. When in London would like to be in Somerset, particularly in this hot weather.
(That's enough Arabs, Ed.)



Hussein 'not a nutter' - official

by Our Foreign Office Staff
Sir Anthony Nutter

In an astonishing shock outburst, a senior Foreign Office official Sir Hugo Moberley-Gusset last night claimed that the Iraqi leader, Adolf Hitler, was "not a nutter".

"Make no mistake," Sir Hugo, 89, told millions of viewers of the BBC's popular *Nine O' Clock News* programme, "I have been out East and seen a thing or two, and this man is, quite frankly, one of the shrewdest and most intensely able players in the poker game of today's world politics.

"Every move he makes has been worked out to 27 decimal places over the past 30 years. I have seen him myself many times on the television, and I can tell you, on every occasion he has been wearing a moustache. That tells you something about the kind of man he is.

"Another thing — he is a keen follower of Iraqi horoscopes. He was born in the Year of the Locust, which means that he is home-loving, peaceable and psychopathic.

"No," Sir Hugo repeated, setting fire to his trousers, "this man is as sane as I am."

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Her Majesty the Queen Mother is 90. Now read on...

THE BAND of the Queen's Own Bombadoons, resplendent in their scarlet tunics and bristling black Buzbies marched gaily past the gates of Clarence House in the glorious summer sunshine.

As they played the tune of *Happy Birthday* the crowds of bewildered Japanese tourists sang their loyal greetings to the world's most famous grandmother.

And there she stood, truly majestic in her Kingsley Amis pink and fuschia floral two-piece with matching cloche hat and veil by Condé Nast.

"Wave, everyone," the Queen Mother ordered, and all the family bar one lifted their right arms in unison to accept the greetings of the loyal throng.

"Er... ow... Granny. It's a bit sort of difficult with this sling thing."

Charles felt acutely embarrassed. There they were, all waving away on this historic occasion, and there he was, unable even to raise a tiny salute. He was disappointing his grandmother on her day of days. It really was appalling.

The Duke of Edinburgh moved sharply in front of Charles to obscure him from the public gaze.

"You're letting the side down, boy, with that silly bandage. If you'd gone to a proper sawbones like I told you instead of that damn-fool witchdoctor you'd have passed muster by now."

"Just smile, dear," soothed the Queen. "We'll do all the waving that's necessary."

Princess Margaret took a furtive gulp from a bottle marked MEDICINE and passed it to Charles.

"Have a gulp of this, ducks. It'll cheer you up."

But it didn't. After three hours in the scorching heat, Charles felt an increasing despondency, not to mention a blinding headache. But there *was* one person he was sure could help.

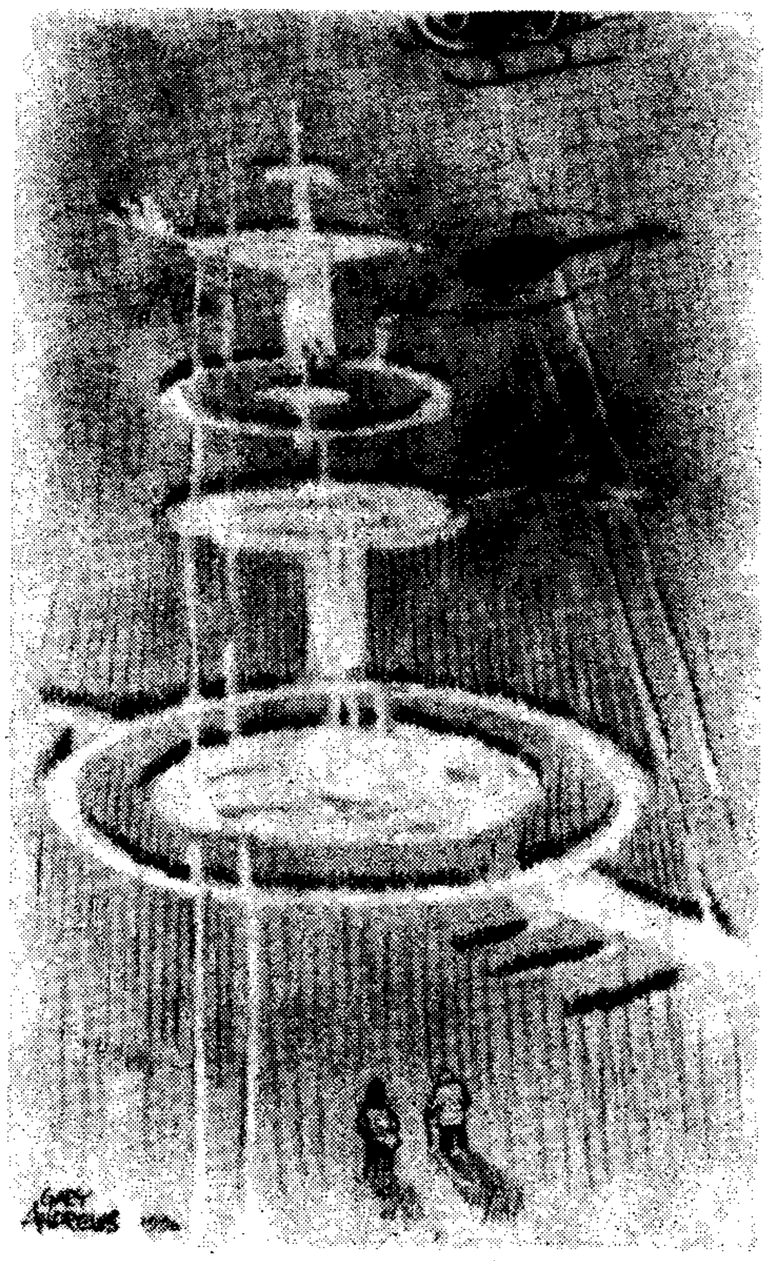
"I WAS sure you could help," Charles began tentatively as the two men strode across the Wiltshire fields towards the mysterious corn circles that had so captured the public imagination.

Sir Laurens van der Post, Charles's long-time friend and mentor, walked ahead, his lean frame still agile despite his advanced years.

"The point of a circle is that it is a perfect whole. Look at this." Sir Laurens pointed to the flattened corn swirled round in an anti-clockwise direction to form a giant ring.

Charles looked puzzled.

"Someone is telling us something here," the old sage muttered, picking up an ear of corn and crumbling it between his fingers.



Charles was still confused, his arm beginning to throb after the long walk in the heat.

"But no one knows about these things, do they? It could all be a hoax."

The old man chuckled.

"All life is a hoax or it is not. You do not understand the circles yet, do you, my young friend?"

What was he getting at? Sometimes the old boy really was a bit tiresome. Couldn't he just tell Charles what to do about his arm?

A helicopter flew overhead and a photographer from *Hello* magazine leaned out and asked him to wave.

Charles shuddered. He could imagine 50 pages of himself in the cornfield.

Sir Laurens ignored the 20th-century invasion.

"You see, Charles, in a circle there is no right or left. It is a complete whole. You have put your arm into your shadow self. What we must do is awaken the left arm to restore the whole self. You see... balance, wholeness, oneness..."

The helicopter swooped down, its blade whirring like a giant vulture. "Great!" shouted the photographer, snapping furiously. "Who's the old bloke for the caption? Looks like an alien," he added, with a raucous laugh.

The Double Chinook then disappeared over the horizon, leaving them alone in the empty vastness of the cornfield.

"THE EMPTY vastness of the cornfield," said Charles to himself. "That's what I've got to capture." But painting with his left hand was proving more difficult than Sir Laurens could have imagined. It was hard enough mixing the colours, let alone doing the brushwork.

The sky seemed to have gone a rather bizarre sort of green. And that farmhouse looked like a sort of tent. And, worst of all, the circles weren't even round — wasn't that the whole point?

Charles sank back in despair and rang his equerry on the intercom.

"Sir Alan? There's a picture here in my study. Kindly deal with it, would you? I've never done anything like it before..."

"CHARLES! You've never done anything like it before!" The excited voice of Sir Hugh Casson rang out over the assembled gathering at the private view of Charles's paintings (in aid of the Royal Inner City Young Persons Thingy Appeal).

Charles could not believe his eyes. There, amidst his carefully painted scenes of Wensleydale, the Lake District and the donkeys of San Parmigianni was his CORN CIRCLES '90, which he had particularly asked Sir Alan to deal with.

Charles stammered: "It shouldn't be here."

Sir Hugh nodded enthusiastically, stroking his little beard and peering closely at the piece with his eyeglass.

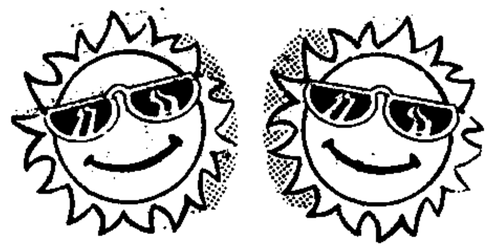
"You're absolutely right, Sir. It shouldn't be here. It should be in the Guggenheim... It's masterly. It's an abstract work of great genius. These square shapes here make Mogadon look like an amateur! And that green bit... pure Rothman. And the black blob! The simplicity of an early Brillo..."

Slowly, but surely, Charles felt his arm begin to ache again.

To be continued

THE Sun

Friday, August 17, 1990 22p Thought: Not in this paper



WHAT A FRY-DAY!

WOGTCHA! OUR BOYS KILL ARAB PIGS

by Sun Staff

THE STORY to go with this headline has not happened.

But we hope it will.

THE SUN SAYS

Send in the turtles!

WE'VE all had enough of being pushed about by this jumped-up Hitler in a tea-cloth.

We say — give us another lager. We're dying of thirst in this heat.

The Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles are the most efficient fighting machine the world has ever seen.

We've paid for 'em. Now let's use 'em.

WAKE UP MAGGIE — IT'S COWABUNGA TIME!!!

On Other Pages In Your Sizzling 94° Sun

Meter Maids Strip Off As London Sizzles — Pictures p.3. ☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

☆ ★ ☆ ★

Train Melts In Tunnel p.4.

TV Man's Hosepipe Catches Fire p.5

Rotherham Romeo Says It's Too Hot To Bonk p.6.

The New Archbishop Of Canterbury Writes p.48. *

TURN YOUR SKY DISH INTO A SWIMMING POOL

THE NATION'S FAVOURITE ROYAL GRANNY

TV Highlights

The Queen Mother in person

The nation's favourite grandmother takes a stroll round her garden accompanied by the Newscaster Laureate, Sir Alastair Brunenose.

SIR ARSLIKAIR: And as we weave our way slowly through this charming garden we pause to admire this delightful flower.

QUEEN MUM: Isn't it lovely? It's called the Mrs Simpson.

BRUNENOSE: And why is that your Ma'amship?

QUEEN MUM: Because it's dead.

BRUNENOSE: Ha, ha, ha, ha the sort of gentle wit that has delighted Eastenders from Lofty to Dot Cotton. And what's this in the flowerbed? Oh, it's me. I'm terribly sorry.

QUEEN MUM: What a lovely smell. What is it?

BRUNENOSE: It's alcohol your Hatship.

QUEEN MUM: I thought it was familiar. *(Shot of row of trees)* I always think of trees as old friends. We lost so many in the storm. Look at this one lying here.

SIR ALISHTAIR: Sorry Ma'am. It's me again.

QUEEN MUM: Lovely, lovely.

(Waves to trees. Shot of dolls' house)

SIR ALASTAIR: Finally we come to the delightful Welsh house where the infant princes and princessesses royally played their regal games.

QUEEN MUM: Yes, isn't it lovely. There's a miniature kitchen with a miniature table and lots of miniatures lying around.

SHIR ALASTAR: And what is this here on the floor?

QUEEN MUM: It's you.

SIR ALASHTAIR: Oh, I beg your royal pardon your hickness.

(Continued birthday 94.)

Apology

To His Holiness the late Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran

Over the past ten years, in common with all other newspapers, we may inadvertently have given the impression that the late Ayatollah Khomeini was the most evil man in the world, a vile tyrant and the gravest threat to world peace since Adolf Hitler.

We may also have given the impression that President Saddam Hussein of Iraq had in some way been worthy of our wholehearted admiration and support in his gallant 10-year struggle to rid the world of the menace of the Ayatollah. We further may from time to time have indicated that we might in some way have approved of the sale of western arms and technology to President Hussein, on the grounds that these were being used to further the entirely laudable purpose of eradicating the wicked old lunatic with the beard and thus making the world a safer place.

We now realise that the late Ayatollah was in fact a saintly *and scholarly* cleric whose only concern was to save the world from the evil clutches of the Hitler of Baghdad, the wickedest man in the history of the world, Mr Saddam Hussein.

We would therefore like to apologise to the late Ayatollah and family for any distress that these articles may have caused.

WEEKEND ONLY - Dec/Vax Contract Op. for weekend shits in City. Call Caroline

Standard

B.E.L.C.H.
Requires a
DEVELOPMENT WORKER

South London Press

TV

Mickey Rourke as Frans Hals

Following the success of *Vincent and Theo*, ITV is proud to present a new series of films about the Lives of the Great Artists.

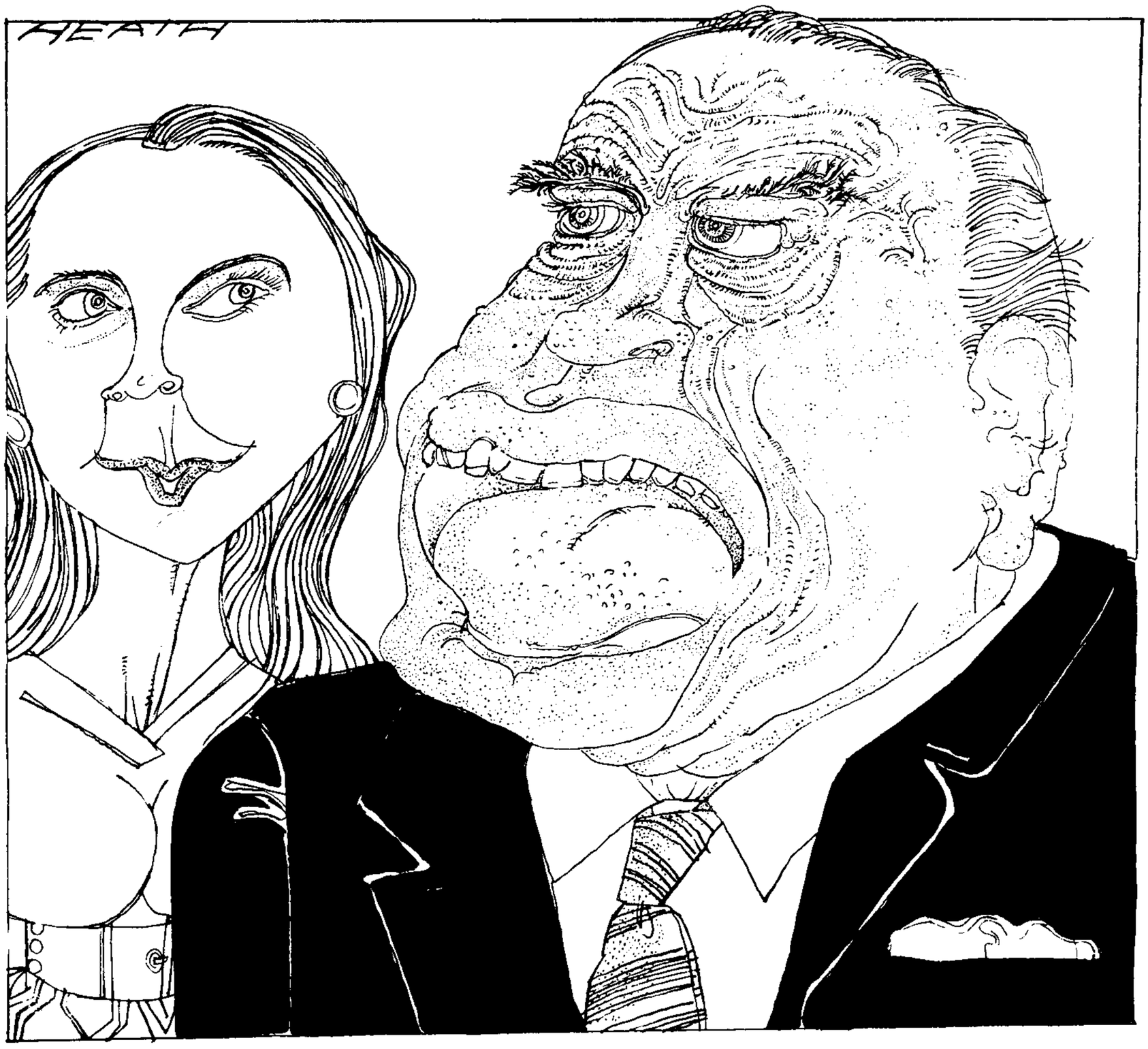
Total Moulin Rouge
Arnold Schwarzenegger plays Toulouse Lautrec, the Left-Bank genius who painted the seedy side of Paris.

The Good, The Bad And The Bathers
Clint Eastwood as Parisian chemist-turned-painter Georges Seurat, the man they called "Dotty". Watch out for his famous catchphrase: "Go on, punk. Mix my palette."

Beverly Hills Dutch Master III
Eddie Murphy brings Rembrandt to life as the wisecracking rapper from Rotterdam. Watch out for trouble when he calls his friend Whistler (Tom Cruise) "a mother painter".

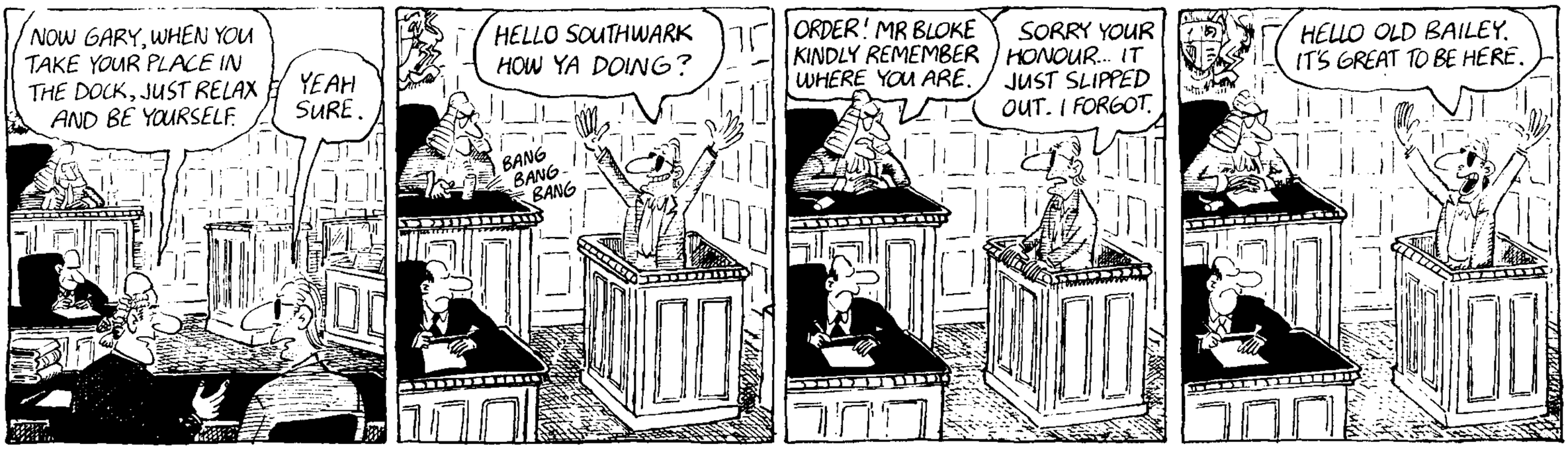
Back To The Future IV
Michael J. Fox as Salvador Dali takes us on a wacky time warp as his watch melts and he finds himself in the Wild West with Pablo Picasso (Kathleen Turner) and Francis Bacon (John Hurt).

(That's enough terrible art films. Ed.)



Great Bores Of Today

"... we've had a ban since early May and frankly it's heartbreaking my wife and I have put a lot of love and care into that garden especially the lawn it's like a desert as for the plants it's pathetic to see them struggling my wife's been doing what she can recycling the bathwater you put the hose in and syphon it down but it's not the same and when you see them cleaning office blocks in town spraying water everywhere it makes your blood boil I was all for privatisation but when a chap can't even water his garden in the middle of one of the world's greatest industrial countries think of all that rain we had in the winter where is it all? the reservoirs are absolutely full in some places we saw it on Thames News and while we're watching our petunias dying they're surfboarding someone ought to do something about it still at least you don't have to mow the lawn and some plants seem to like a drought our yucca's grown three feet..."


NOW GARY, WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE DOCK, JUST RELAX AND BE YOURSELF.
YEAH SURE.
HELLO SOUTHWARK HOW YA DOING?
BANG BANG BANG
ORDER! MR BLOKE KINDLY REMEMBER WHERE YOU ARE.
SORRY YOUR HONOUR... IT JUST SLIPPED OUT. I FORGOT.
HELLO OLD BAILEY. IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE.

£1 MILLION FOR FERGIE CENTREFOLD

by Our Royalty Staff **Porn Raymond**

FOR the first time ever, a member of the Royal Family has agreed to pose naked for *Playboy* magazine. In the December issue of the world's best-known men's magazine, the Duchess Fergiana of York will appear in a 48-page pull-out, headed "Yorkie Bare".

At a specially convened press conference yesterday, a jubilant Mr Hugh Hefner said: "This is an all-time publishing first. We are very privileged to have obtained the permission of Her Royal Highness to take a series of delightful, informal studies, in the privacy of her own sauna.

Hugh What A Yorker

"We retained the services of one of the world's most distinguished erotic photographers, Larry Filth Jnr, who says that this commission gave him the greatest challenge of his career.

"There is nothing indecent or titillatory about these beautiful royal portraits," Mr Hefner went on. "They are in the finest tradition of Van Dyck, Boucher and Rupert Murdoch's Page Three lovelies.

"The suggestion that *Playboy* paid a large sum of money to one of the Duchess's favourite charities is entirely untrue and utterly disgraceful. The money was paid directly to her."

New from the Eye

Yes! It's Gulf Crisis Rhyming Slang

F.O.	**Didn't know**
Kuwait	**Too late**
Saudi	**Howdy!**
Arab sheik	**Knees quake**
Baghdad	**Raving mad**
Quite insane	**Saddam Hussein**
Moustache and beret	**Bonkers, very**
Facial hair	**Germ warfare**
Persian Gulf	**Worse than Adolf**
Massive army	**Barmy**
Jihad	**Looking bad**
George Bush	**Big push**
US ships	**Read my lips**
F-111	**Get to heaven**
Peter Snow	**'Ere we go**

(That's enough slang, Ed)

The Foreign Office guide to spotting a World War about to break out

FOR ALL DIPLOMATS

1. One million men in uniform with guns are sighted massing along the border of someone else's country.

2. The leader of that country has a moustache.

3. The man with the moustache makes speeches saying that the smaller country next door has rightfully belonged to his country for hundreds of years.

4. Gooch scores triple-century at Lord's.

5. Temperature soars into 90s.

6. Mysterious corn-circles appear in Wiltshire.

7. Queen Mother celebrates 90th birthday.

8. Angela Rippon's marriage hits rocks.

9. You decide to go on holiday.

10. World War breaks out.

THE EXPERTS' EXPERT

THE ASSHOLE'S ASSHOLE

COLIN MOYNIHAN

In all my years of politics, which were not very many in the first place, I always used to look up to **Cecil Parkinson** as the man who could cock anything up. In other fields I would think of the only man who is smaller and more absurd than I am. The *Observer*'s legendary editor, **Donald Trelford.**

DR JONATHAN MILLER

I suppose it has to be **Peter Hall**, the worst opera director since Grotesqui put on *L'Absurdita di Themistocle* at Verona in 1597. What a disgusting fat bearded pig he is. Did I ever tell you the story of...?

ROBERT MAXWELL

I would nominate **Sir Peter Jay**. What a fool that man was, working for me all those years! He couldn't even ladle the caviar into my mouth without spilling it all over the desk. He's nearly as bad as that man at the *Observer*, what's his name...

EARL OF GOWRIE

From my days in the Cabinet I would have to say **Cecil Parkinson**, though in my new field of connoisseurship of the arts I think one would have to regard poor **Roy Strong** as a front runner In publishing I think of **Tom Rosenthal**, though I did meet someone at one of the many parties I go to who claimed to be the editor of some Sunday newspaper.

EDWINA CURRIE

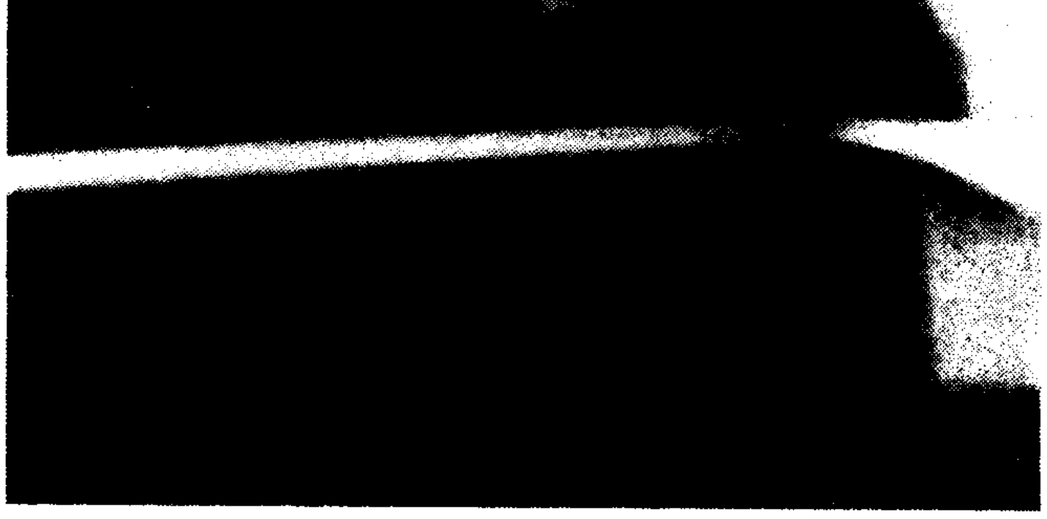
I think I should speak up for women here, who always get a raw deal in these sort of features. I would like to put forward **Bubbles Rothermere** as quite the silliest woman in public life apart from the **Duchess of York** and myself

IAN BOTHAM

I'm such a competitive bloke that I would have to nominate **Ian Botham** for this one. **John McEnroe** and **Hurricane Higgins** come close, but frankly with my record I must be heavyweight champion of the world any day.

MR JUSTICE MICHAEL DAVIES

During the past few years when I have had the good fortune to preside over every libel action to hit the headlines I have seen some very good candidates coming before me to act as foils for my legendary wit. There was that idiotic Russian Count who droned on about the Cossacks and had the cheek to suggest that I was biased against him. And then there was **Peregrine Worsthorne**. And **Andrew Neil**. And the really funny one who didn't come into court but had something to do with an Indian woman. **Telford**? Elford?



DONALD TRELFORD

LORD HAILSHAM

In all my years of senility, both in the law and in politics, I don't think there's ever been anyone cleverer, more able, better read or more interesting than myself. Why I was never Prime Minister I cannot explain. Do you remember when I rang that bell...

JEFFREY ARCHOLE

I give regular lunches to all the obvious candidates once a week. **David Owen** has been and I even had **Lord Rees-Mogg** at one of them. He takes some beating, I'll have to confess. But I suppose in the end it will have to be **Donald Trumpford**, who brought off that brilliant scoop interview about the **Fayed Bothers** with **Tiny Rowland**.

Lines Written On The 90th Birthday Of Her Majesty The Queen Mother

● *A tribute from the Poet Laureate MR TED HUGHES*

It was in the year 1900, in the reign of
Queen Victoria
When the British empire was at its
glorious zenith,
Huge ships of iron sailed across the seas,
sic transit mundi gloria,
And Marconi was inventing the wireless,
which eventually became a menace.

Purple heather on Glamis moor
Old grousie waits.
Grim turrets peep
Lichen-clad stone.
Gnarled beaters shout.
Earth trembles.
Old grousie flutters.

It was in the year 1921
That the beautiful Lady Elizabeth
Bowes-Lyon had a lot of fun.
It was in the year King Oliver ruled the
land of jazz
And the future Queen Mother danced the
Charleston with the young Baillie Vazz.

Leather boot crunches on peat bog.
Barrels glint in the sun.
Hammers cock. Fingers tighten.
Sweat on lip.
Old grousie in for it any minute now.

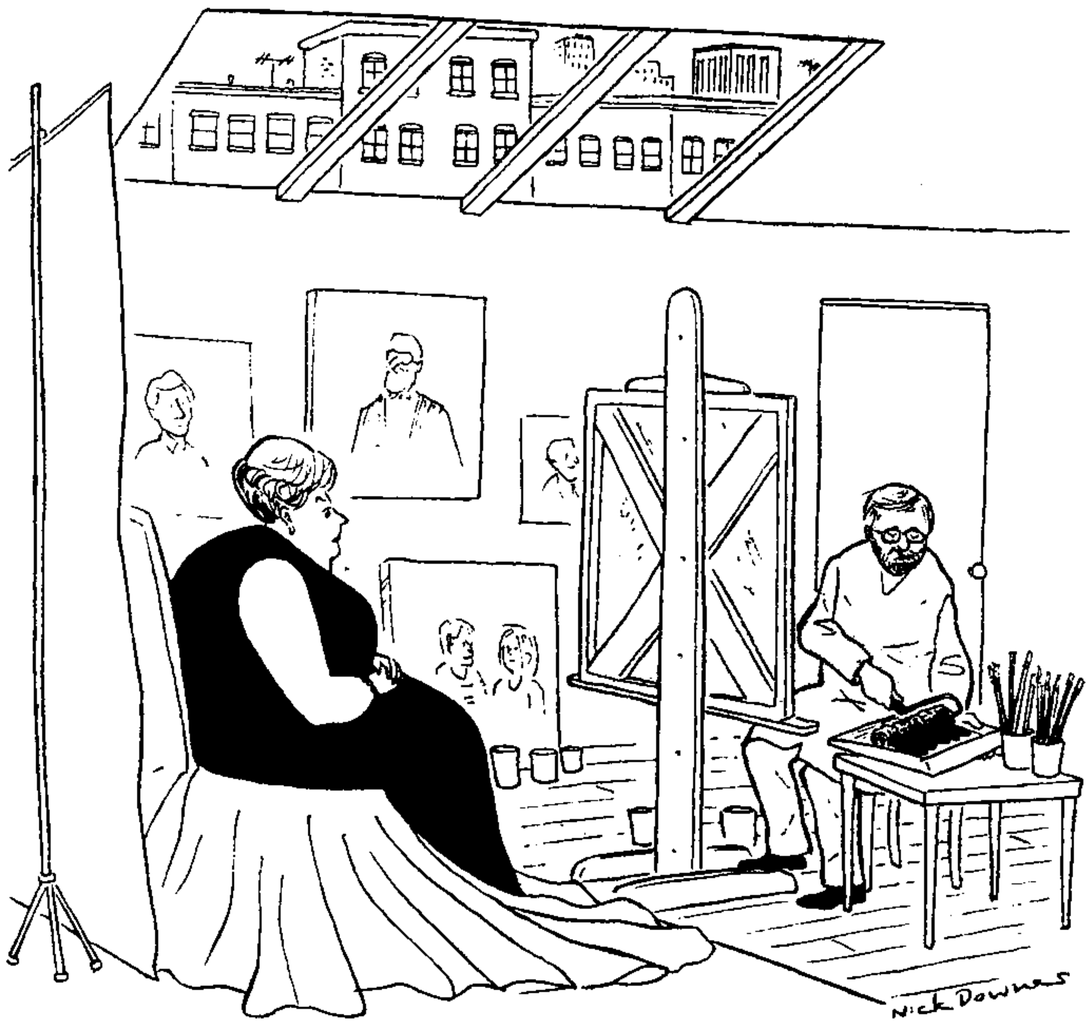
It was in the year 1939
That Adolf Hitler sent his armies across
the Rhine.
Soon the bombs were falling on the East
End,
And the Queen Mother went down there
to become the people's friend.

Crack. Roar. Feathers flutter.
Lead on flesh. Crunch.
Blood seeps. Dogs whine.
Eyes roll. All over for old grousie.

From Hiroshima onwards we lived in
terror
In case the nuclear trigger was pressed in
error.
But throughout the years of unending fear
Only one figure alone could bring us cheer.

Old grousie.
(Shurely 'Queen Mother'? Ed)
Will this do? T.H.

Illustration by SIR HUGE CASHIN



The Reserves League Cup Semi-final match was postponed due to the already played other semi final containing illegible players.

All Sport Weekly

LEYTON Liberal Democrat Jonathon Fryer has been commissioned to write a book on George Fox, founder of the Quackers.

Waltham Forest Express

World oil crisis – now Maxwell steps in

by Our Energy Staff **John Coal and North C. Gazza**

As the world trembles on the brink of its worst-ever energy crisis, one man yesterday made a dramatic gesture to save the world's richest economies from disaster.

Mr Robert Maxwell, 68, a London publisher and helicopter boss, sent a message to the UN Security Council, offering to put at the West's disposal limitless supplies of what he described as "a miraculous alternative energy source".

Fatso the Helicopter

The fuel being offered to the industrialised West at no cost at all consists of billions of unsold copies of *The European* newspapers which Mr Maxwell has been storing in huge underground silos in Eastern Europe.

"*The European* is easily combustible," Mr Maxwell said, "and could provide the world with all its energy needs by the year 2000.

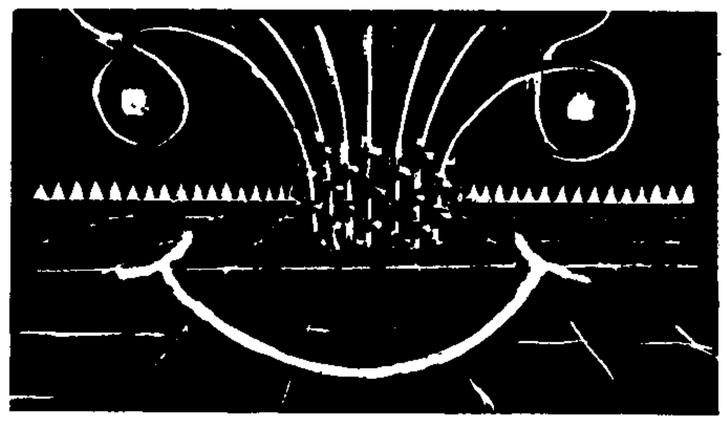
"Power stations could easily be adapted to run on this fuel and, in addition, it could be given away to the public for domestic use."

Lord Fieldmarshall of Goering is 82.

Coming soon from Pergamon Press

Saddam Hussein: Statesman and Visionary (£12.95)

DIARY



SIR ROY STRONG

People can be such absolute poppets. They so often come up to me and say, "Roy," they say, "Roy, how can *we* become half as *gifted* and *stylish* as you?"

One has to let them down lightly, of course, but then no one, *but no one*, is beyond *some* improvement. "You'll have to get rid of that perfectly *dreadful* suit for a start," I might say. "And are you really telling me that no one has had a word with you about your face?"

They're very grateful for these few words of advice, but it's an uphill struggle, it really is. I'll always remember what dear darling Diana Copper once said to me. "Roy," she said, "Roy, how I wish that I could look like you! But I can't, and I will somehow have to learn to live with it!" Towards the end of her life, I do believe she became reconciled, if only partially, to this one great regret, though I believe she was occasionally seen wandering The Ritz forlornly, wearing a specs-nose-and-moustache mask, desperate that someone — *anyone* — should mistake her for me.

I am, as everyone knows, utterly passionate about gardening. But I'm revealing no secrets when I say that dirt can play *absolute havoc* with one's fingernails. I remember my manicurist growing hopping mad when I told him that I was intent on fifteen minutes of hard graft *au jardin*. "Sir Roy," he said, "Sir Roy, you'll *ruin* those follicles!"

It goes without saying that his dire warning sent shivers down my spine, but "Chin up, Roy" I told myself (incidentally, I always drop the title when talking to myself — it makes one feel so much more *relaxed*), "you're going to be terribly, terribly brave." I can tell you now, I stood looking at that trowel for a good few hours, stiff with worrying whether that perfectly beastly dirt would penetrate the three pairs of gloves I was wearing. "Big breath, Roy, big breath" I eventually said to myself, plunging into the ground with gusto, managing to make quite a little dent in it, though one says it oneself.

Returning to the safety of one's Georgian Rectory, one removed one's gloves and went at one's hands with the Crabtree and Evelyn like the blazes, until there was absolutely *no trace anywhere* of ghastly grubbiness. Incidentally, I'll always remember something my fellow diarist, my very dear friend the Queen Mum said to me in this context. As always, she was looking positively radiant, straight out of Botticelli. "I would *adore* to hear your gardening tips," I ventured, setting her at her ease. "*Do tell!*" "And this is Dr Strong, Keeper of the Victoria and Albert Museum, ma'am," said her Lady-in-Waiting. "How do you do?" she replied, before moving on, and I find those lovely words ringing in my ears whenever the garden appears to "get on top of one".

I have, as everyone knows, a very famous cat indeed called The Reverend Wenceslas Muff (!) who is, I might add, among my greatest fans. I find that a lot of people say to me, "Oh, but Sir Roy, what a simply *marvellous* name! How did you possibly come up with anything so *witty*!"

If the truth of the matter be known, the name of The Reverend Wenceslas Muff (!) was decided by a special committee of my very dearest supporters among the staff of the V&A, cat lovers all, over an exquisite *smorgasbord*. I gave them express instructions that they were to submit for my inspection no less than five names. Those names, I announced, should be reflective of the sometimes enigmatic but never less than fascinating nature of my larger-than-life personality, and each of them should have something of a liturgical flavour. Then I "left them to it", as it were, retiring to my executive chaise-longue in order to give my moustache a well-earned rest.

Returning to the fray three hours later, I was delighted to find that they had, at last, finalised the short-list, the five suggested names being:

a) The Reverend Wenceslas Muff

b) Canon Simpering Screamer

c) Monsignor Tetchy Old Queen

d) Bishop Blubbering Bumboy

e) The Rt Reverend Pompous Twat

Of the five suggestions, I chose the first, finding in it a delicious combination of the cultured and the cosy, a delightfully *civilised* title for any self-respecting feline friend. It was only later that one of the lower orders with whom I rub shoulders in my "keep-fit" sessions at the local gymnasia informed me that "Wenceslas Muff" is in fact an ancient naval term meaning "Moustachioed Woofter", but by then he wouldn't answer to anything else.

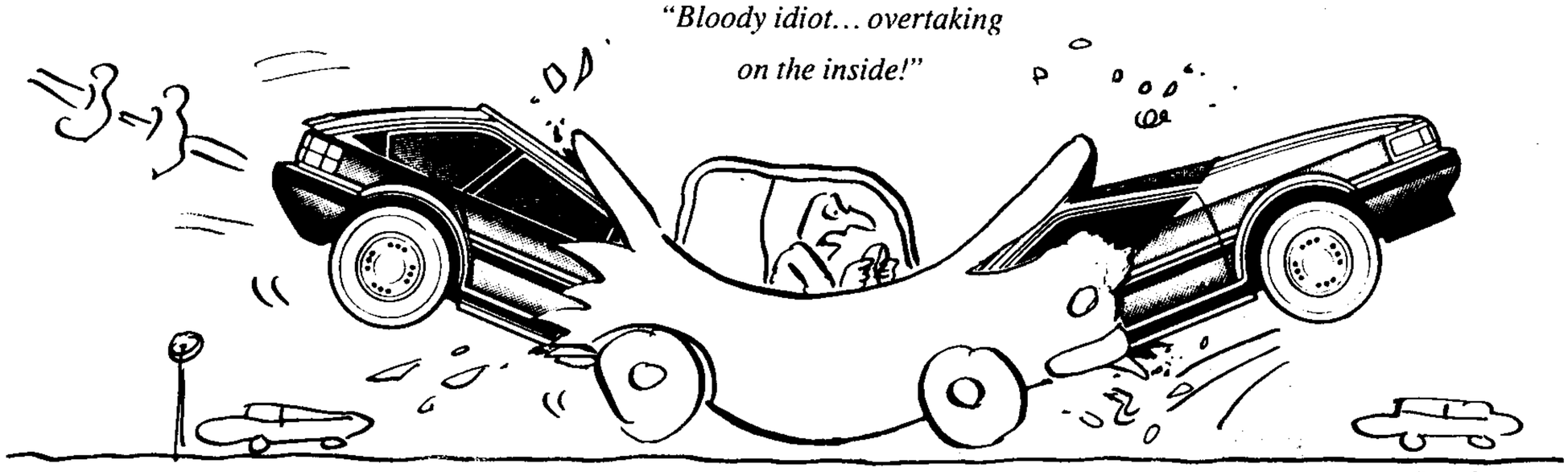
Current favourite flowers: magnolia, japonica, fuschia, Queen Mum.

One is so often asked to contribute to features about oneself that one can grow positively *exhausted*. There are, alas, so few people around these days with any sense of style and *oomph* that editors are simply *begging* for my services.

On a Woden's Day morn not three months ago, one had just finished one's breakfast of three Poppy Seeds (we have these flown in fresh from *Milano*) when one was summoned to that most *galling* of modern contraptions, the telephonic communicator (!), by one's little woman. On the other end of the electric wire was a very enthusiastic young researcher from something called *The Late Show* who couldn't have been more super concerning one's achievements. "We would *so* absolutely love it if you'd appear, you're *just* the man we need, you'd be *so completely perfect*, *do* say you will!"

Hey-ho. One does like to cooperate, so one felt frankly duty-bound to reply in the affirmative. Oddly enough, though she told me that the programme was to be transmitted this very evening, I can find it nowhere in what I believe are known as the schedules. All my daily newspaper (*The Independent* for preference *s'il vous plait*) tells one about tonight's *Late Show* is "New-Wave Ceramicists; interview with Milan Kundera; Kevin Coyne in the studio; special feature on forgotten Sixties figures with little round specs and gaucho moustaches", and obviously none of those headings apply to me, unless, of course, I am — perish the thought — Milan Kundera!!!

"Bloody idiot... overtaking on the inside!"



Literary Review

The Sound of Muzak

The Faber Companion to 20th Century Popular Music
Phil Hardy and Dave Laing
(Faber, £20)

FIRST things first: what do we mean by "popular music"? This giant doorstopper of a book — nearly three inches thick and extending way beyond its 800th page — which purports to bring together popular music "in all its forms" advertises three criteria for inclusion: commercial success, influence and artistic merit. Despite this admission charge a few fey avant-garde doodlers like Philip Glass can still be discovered capering happily within the spangled palisade.

Definitions are perhaps less important than the practical consequences. This is 20th century popular music, remember — well, *Anglo-American* popular music — so it is instructive to see who is in and who is out, still more instructive to examine the relative lengths of the entries.

Gilbert & Sullivan make it, despite having confined their work to the century before. Bananarama — three bimbos from the Stock Aitken & Waterman stable — get more space than Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup who could plausibly claim to have invented rock and roll in the first place. Cyndi Lauper edges out Harry Lauder and Dave Brubeck is made to seem considerably less important than Adam Ant.

So make that definition "Anglo-American popular music with a strong bias towards those people we happen to have heard about". A few odd jazzers, certainly, and a great many fine old blues legends with names like "Blind Lemon Jefferson", but the great names of English music hall hardly surface. Flotsam & Jetsam? Big Bill Campbell? You might never have heard of them, but they meant more to the pre-war variety-going public than some of the '80s lightweights assembled here, the Nik Kershaws and Nick Heywards, ever did to their fickle audiences.

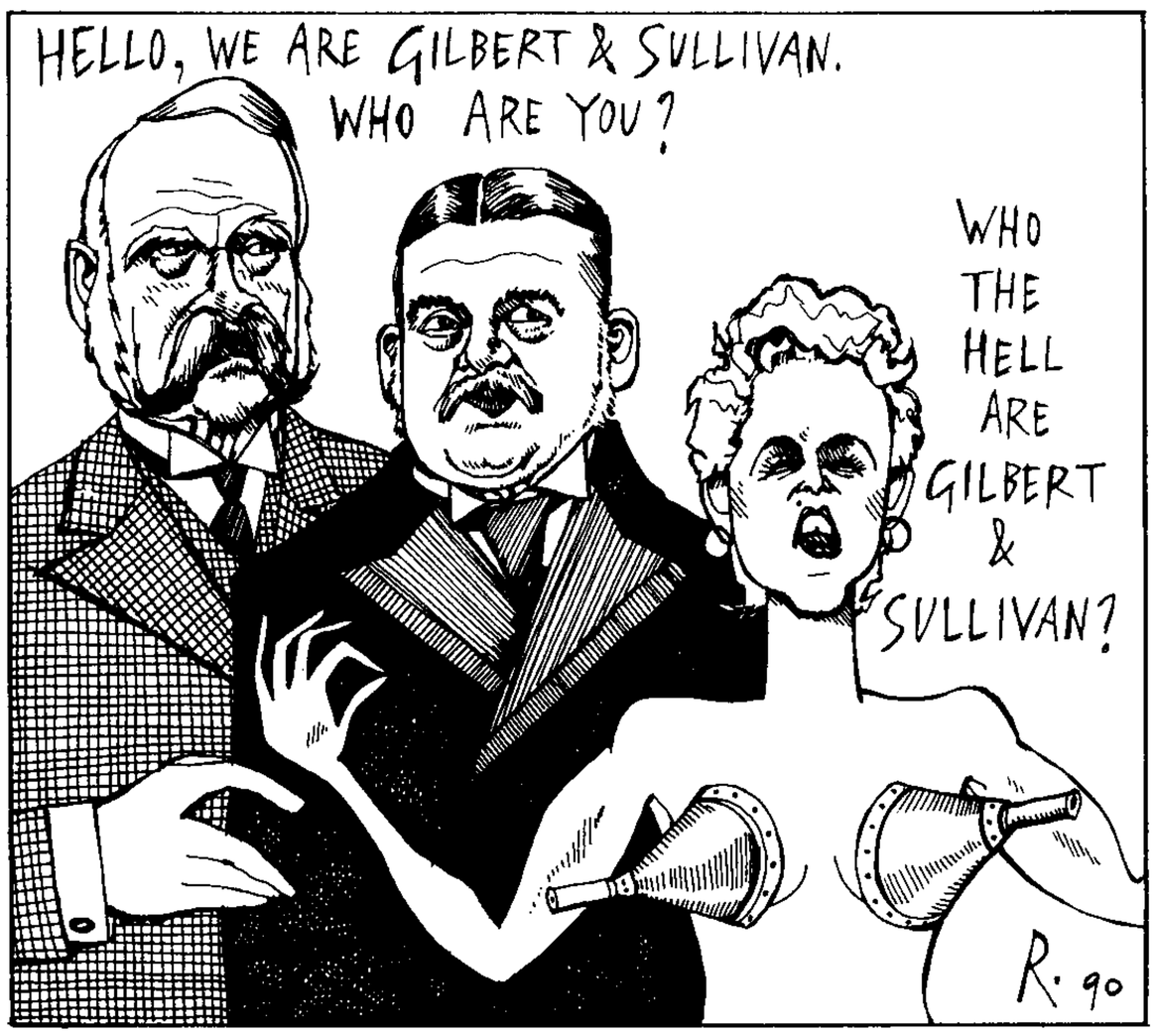
This is not to say that messrs Hardy and Laing haven't done their homework. Pop groups are by nature fissiparous and coping with the line-up changes in some of the longer-lived "progressive" bands of the '70s plainly took some research ("John Harrison, replaced by Dave Anderson, replaced by Lemmy b. Ian Kilminster, replaced by Paul Rudolph, replaced by Adrian Shaw, replaced by Harvey Bainbridge, replaced by Alan Davey" runs the entry for Hawkwind, and that's only the bass player).

Similarly their relentless urge to categorise clearly led to some head-scratching. "Possessor of one of the purest and most versatile voices in popular music of the seventies and eighties" (Anne Murray)? Well, maybe. "The only rock drummer to have solo hits" (Sandy Nelson)? Up to a point (though what about Cozy Powell?) This grim pursuit of taxonomy reaches awesome heights in a description of a posse of American grunge rockers called Molly Hatchet as "notable for the longevity of their commercial success and the origins of the group's name".

Inevitably, compendia of popular music — compendia of anything, for that matter — attract the charge of arbitrariness. This is no exception. If DJs are important enough for inclusion — and Alan Freed gets a couple of admiring columns — then where is John Peel? If minor US boogie bands of the like of Black Oak Arkansas can make it, then where are vastly more successful items such as Cheap Trick? The Cure must be one of the UK's most internationally successful groups of the last decade, but you won't find mention of them here. There is also the usual cache of errors: Scritti Politti, for instance, took their name from the book by Gramsci, and if Jet Black, gnarled veteran drummer with the Stranglers, is in his early thirties then I'll eat my hi-hat.

Inaccuracies and omissions are understandable in a work of this length. Shakier, perhaps, is the whole platform on which the book might be said to rest: the thought that there is something coherent and somehow assimilable lurking here. For the final effect, strangely enough, is to demonstrate that there is no such thing as popular music any more: there are only a number of different popular musics, a range of consistencies, each becoming steadily more remote than the others.

We all knew this, of course; any 30 year old who now chances upon *Top of the Pops* realises glumly that pop has ceased to be simply "diverse" or "catholic" and instead transformed itself into a series of impenetrable genres. With its bizarre alphabetical progressions (Vera Lynn/Lynyrd Skynyrd/Humphrey Lyttelton) Hardy and Laing's book, for all its talk about "understanding the complex changes within popular music" presents not a single shape but a pile of fragments. On a lesser note it is nice to find inaccuracies in — of all places — the entry for The Who, whose flailing lead guitarist is now a Faber director.



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Books & Bookmen

☐ **ONE OF the world's smallest publishers with, physically, one of the largest catalogues is Fourth Estate. Its autumn list proudly announces its recent collaboration with the *Grauniad*, "an established paper of record which is not of the establishment".**

The lead *Grauniad*/Fourth Estate title is *The Bedside Grauniad 39* edited by Nicholas de Jongh. No doubt Michael Billington, if no one else, will be interested to see that de Jongh is described as the *Grauniad's* theatre critic.

■ *ONE OF the most fatuous "reassurance" letters sent out by publishers in recent years is causing much hilarity to its recipients.*

Gill Gibbins, editorial director of W. H. Allen and Virgin, writes: "I'm delighted to tell you that following our company reorganisation earlier this year, we have now successfully put in place very considerable refinancing of our publishing house with renewed commitment from Virgin Group for our plans to develop as a general trade publisher... I'm sure you will agree that it is most encouraging to have this firm foundation to our business renewed, and to know that we can look to developing the lists in the way that we wish to."

This, of course, is utter eyewash. Gill Gibbons needs her job and as Virgin has sacked or otherwise dispensed with all staff of any independence of mind, including former managing director Tim Hailstone who is suing his former employers, it's not surprising that she has become a management commissar.

The fact is that W. H. Allen does not honour its financial commitments to any author unless legal action is threatened. Its publishing (and the less said about the quality of most of the books the better) is spectacularly incompetent.

A typical case is that of Dr Peter Coveney, lecturer in physical chemistry at the University of Wales, and Dr Roger Highfield, science editor of the Daily Torygraph. The rights director at Allen told the co-authors of The Arrow of Time that finished copies of their "authoritative yet highly accessible book" about time would be available only two days before publication.

Highfield rightly exploded on the telephone at this incompetence whereupon the rights director said she'd be relieved not to have to do any work promoting and selling the book. Highdudgeon asked her, please, to let him have this in writing, which she declined to do. Meanwhile, managing director Barry Jafrato, who eased Hailstone out of his job, retains the lowest of profiles. No wonder.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

LAST YEAR flamboyant literary agent Giles Gordon was approached by *Sunday Torygraph* hack John Gaskell who was planning to write a novel and needed an agent.

Gordon read the synopsis of Gaskell's book, which was set among the obituary columns of national newspapers, but decided that he wouldn't be the right person to represent Gaskell. They parted very amicably.

Gordon has sold a novel about obituarists to Chatto & Windus for an advance of £50,000.

'Bookworm'

Energy

Gas-trick flue

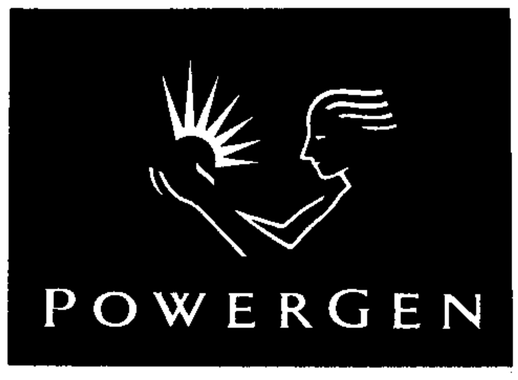
ELECTRICITY privatisation, looking groggier than ever, is only able to stay afloat thanks to "The Gas Bubble". But that bubble could easily burst.

Whoever buys PowerGen will want to switch from burning coal to to burning gas. In theory this is to enable benevolent power station owners, like Lord Hanson, to stop us suffocating in carbon dioxide (gas produces 40 per cent less CO_2 than coal, but would still spew out 100 million tonnes of it a year if we ditched coal completely.)

In reality, the popularity of gas is not entirely unconnected with its being much cheaper than coal. The fact that stocks will run out in about 40 years and that the price will rise is of no concern to those who listen to John Wakeham, energy secretary and share-pusher, who has been telling City friends to buy shares and then flog them before the environmental bills arrive (see last *Eye*).

But there is another reason that the gas bubble, and hence electricity privatisation, may yet burst. *Burning gas to produce electricity is illegal.*

It is expressly forbidden by the EEC directive from the Council of Ministers issued on 13 February 1975. The order, entitled "Restriction of the use of natural gas in power stations", says: "Quantities of natural gas are limited. It should be reserved for



those applications for which it can be most profitably used. Natural gas should consequently be converted into electricity only when it cannot be used for other purposes or in cases of technical or economic necessity."

This was accepted into UK law and no one doubts that it forbids the use of gas in power stations. But the electricity industry and the Department of Energy claim the law is irrelevant because the EEC is about to revoke it.

This has been said for more than two years. It was claimed publicly by energy experts as long ago as 1987, and in 1988 Lord Marshall, then chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board, said EEC law would change "next year". We are still waiting.

There *was* an attempt to change the law two years ago, but it was abandoned because, in the words of Herr Hans Polonsky, administrator responsible for gas: "We tried it in the working groups of the council to test whether it would pass and we found it would not. Especially three member states at that time preferred to maintain it." France, because it was "pushing hard for nuclear"; West Germany, in trouble with its coal industry, decided it was not the right moment: and Holland because it was worried about public opinion and its green movement.

The directive is interpreted liberally, but offenders are open to legal action in the European Court, particularly if they have flagrantly sought to extend the number of power stations breaking the law. And the British electricity industry knows this. It would not be trying to change the law if it were not aware that it is in breach and could be ordered to desist at any time.

The cozy world of the gas burners could easily be shattered if any European environmental group — there are 29 Green members of the European Parliament, for example — were to mount a legal challenge to the use of gas as a power station fuel.

When the next proposal to change the law is tabled, there will almost certainly be opposition in the European Parliament. It will then be up to the Council of Ministers to settle the matter. The council would require a unanimous vote, so only if every member-state agrees, including France and environmentally-aware Denmark, can the law be changed.

Even if it happens, and it is a very big if, the procedure will take at least nine to 12 months. During that time there will be uncertainty, which is bad for shares, and the courts could well require a halt on a more extensive use of gas until a decision has been reached.

Despite this Wakeham takes the risk of trying to sell off his power stations with what is supposed to be an assurance about the prospect of burning cheap gas. A private owner who behaved like that, without spelling out the obstacles a purchaser may have to overcome, would be called a confidence trickster.

But such economy with the truth is not restricted to Mr Wakeham. The two new generating companies have introduced a new note of secrecy with the publication of their first annual reports.

At their respective launches, National Power, in a display of opulence, hired a suite at the Savoy, while PowerGen dragged the press to an unknown venue in the East End.

The old Central Electricity Generating Board always published details of the thermal efficiency and load factor of each power station. Both new companies, as if prompted by a secretive Department of Energy, have now abandoned publication of this information which is vital for anyone wanting to buy a power utility.

Privatisation, supposed to help end the institutional secrecy of the CEGB, has already managed to extend it.

The Calcutt Inquiry

Cock-up-a-leakie

TUMBLED at last for victimising Colin Wallace under a trumped up charge of leaking a confidential document, the Ministry of Defence has resorted to the time-honoured practice of... leaking a confidential document.

Six months ago defence secretary Tom King told the Commons that David Calcutt QC, master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, was to investigate the possibility that Wallace had been wrongly dismissed as senior information officer to the army in Northern Ireland. (He was sacked in 1975 for allegedly leaking a confidential document to Robert Fisk, then of the *Times*.)

In his appeal against dismissal, Wallace claimed he had a secret job description as "black propagandist" and that a large part of his job was to spread false information to journalists. This was backed up by Wallace's then boss, Peter Broderick, head of information in Northern Ireland in the early 1970s, but was rejected by the Civil Service Appeal Tribunal which refused to accept Wallace was engaged in disinformation.

After 15 years of campaigning by Wallace, it was the actions last autumn of the conscientious Sir Michael Quinlan, permanent secretary of the Ministry of Defence and a man of religious conviction, that brought about the special inquiry.

Suddenly two documents "emerged" which shed a different light on the official story. One was the secret job description that designated Wallace as part of Information Policy, a disinformation unit — the very document the MoD and countless ministers, including Mrs Thatcher and her luckless armed forces minister, Archie Hamilton, had consistently said never existed.

Run-of-the-mill permanent secretaries would have buried the document and continued with the lies. But not Quinlan; he insisted on some action. An anguished MI5 (who had plotted Wallace's dismissal in the first place) argued against. In the end a compromise was reached whereby the Government would set up a private inquiry into the sacking but would vehemently deny the reasons Wallace says he was sacked: namely that he was part of a plot, codenamed Clockwork Orange, to feed damaging information to the media about Labour ministers of the time; and that he was trying to stop the consistent abuse of children in care at the Kincora Boys' Home by one of MI5's top agents in Northern Ireland, William McGrath.

So what of the Calcutt inquiry? Confronted with the official MoD documents that contradicted everything it had said for 15 years, Calcutt was not slow to conclude that Wallace had been (in Tom King's own phrase) "the victim of injustice" and should be compensated.

Calcutt's top secret report (his investigation was held entirely *in camera* without even formal questions and answers to witnesses) was delivered personally to King on Monday 30 July. King had promised that its main recommendations would be passed on to Parliament. But the MoD — or rather those officials in it who were against the inquiry in the first place — decided not to wait for Parliament to reassemble. They calculated that the story of Wallace's vindication might make big headlines when Parliament resumed and so "damage limitation" was the order of the day.

They leaked the report to their favourite journalist — James Adams of the *Sunday Times* — a man well know to *Eye* readers as mastermind of the rubbishing of Thames TV's Gibraltar documentary, *Death On The Rock*, in 1988. And Adams's report made the two points most dear to his leakers.

The first was that Wallace's sacking was a "cock-up not a conspiracy" (the age-old pretext of conspiracists). This theory will be difficult to stand up when Calcutt's recommendations are finally made public. For the whole of Wallace's defence (and Peter Broderick's protestations) was based on his having a secret job description. The only way such a document could have gone "missing" at a time when it formed the whole basis of an appellant's case was by conspiracy, not cock-up.

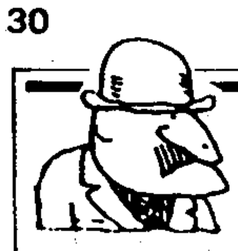
David Calcutt QC

Adams's second point was that there was absolutely no proof that Clockwork Orange (the main reason Wallace said he was sacked) ever existed. He repeats the myth (first propagated by that other anti-Wallace journalist, John Ware) that there was a suggestion for a project of that name but that it was rejected.

This will not last long. Broderick, when head of army information in Northern Ireland, wrote a memorandum to General Leng, head of the armed forces in the province at the time, asking for access to secret military intelligence for his secret department, Information Policy. Leng agreed and the information was passed on by two top military intelligence officers in Northern Ireland at the time, Colonels Len Mayers and Peter Goss.

How long can the MoD officials, who disapprove of their own permanent secretary and leak their own most secret documents to James Adams, maintain their new line?

Maybe not too long. The Commons defence select committee has decided to investigate the strange affair of Colin Wallace in the next parliamentary session as a matter of urgent priority.



In the City

WHAT GOES around, comes around — especially in the entertainment business. *Eye* readers will not have been as shocked as Parkfield Group's shareholders and bankers by the company's demise. Their card was well and truly marked as recently as March (see *Eye* 736) by a reminder of video entrepreneur Paul Feldman's earlier triumph in "stuffing" Gerald Ronson with a £17 million loss on Video Form. Surprise, surprise. Feldman did it again to Parkfield with Hollywood Nights.

It is therefore interesting to note the return to the stock market of a key player from yet another video nasty of the early eighties. Step forward Peter Abbey, currently leading the revamping of former fashion chain Goodman Group under its new name of Video Store.

Abbey, a qualified dentist so he knows all about other people's pain, emerged at Video Store a year ago following its takeover of the video interests of new chief executive Chris Simpson who had made a million earlier in the year by selling out his initial venture to Cityvision. Abbey was quoted in several flattering newspaper articles as forming, with Simpson, the new management team although he was not a director. No mention was made in these articles, however, of Abbey's real claim to video fame — his shortlived career at Home Video Holdings.

Home Video was put together by Abbey, then 35, in 1981 and a placing of shares was made that August by licensed dealers Hill, Woolgar at 115p. Abbey was chief executive with a five-year service contract and the largest shareholding. Within a year Home Video shares had raced to an equivalent of 700p on the Over-The-Counter "kerb" market. In June 1982 the shares were split ten for one and a further placing was made at 60p against a profit forecast for that year raised from £200,000 to £350,000 and the clear anticipation of millions more to come. Home Video shares went to 63p and the company was valued at approaching £10 million. Then it all went wrong.

First, a proposed merger with John Bentley's Intervision Video fell through because Intervision's profits were not what they should have been. This left Home Video shareholders marooned because the shares were suspended. Worse was to follow: in March 1983 Abbey resigned after chairman Derek Coombs quit denouncing the management accounts and the profit forecast as "totally unrealistic".

Just how unrealistic was revealed a month later when it was disclosed that the company expected to make a loss of £1.7 million. Part of this setback was due to the discovery of contracts and debts worth £850,000 that were of "doubtful value". There was also some £650,000 of excessive overheads. Finally, instead of making a £371,000 profit in the previous year Home Video had made a loss as a result of crediting profits from deals which had not materialised. In one deal an option was negotiated regarding supplying videos to pubs and the next day Home Video profits were immediately boosted by £312,000.

The real situation inside the company only emerged in January 1983 and the company talked of taking legal action to recover certain moneys. When finalised, the 1983 accounts revealed an even bigger loss of £2.6 million compared with a restated 1982 profit of just £65,000. Needless to say all this did little for the shares when dealings resumed. The price returned at 15p heading south, reaching 4p the following year before it disappeared over the horizon. Just what happened to the Abbey holding of some 3,675,000 shares was never exactly clear.

Abbey remained for a time as a consultant. This position ceased when the company decided to take legal action against him for the recovery of alleged personal expenditure. Home Video queried certain air travel costs and the purchase of a car. The company claimed some £10,000. This action was settled in 1984 and Abbey resumed his consultancy role. Nothing more was heard of Abbey until this year when he reappeared with Simpson at Video Store.

Simpson sold a ten-shop video chain to Goodman in June last year for 3.3 million shares then worth £1 million. The video shops were owned by a private company, Ashbrights. In April last year Abbey had exercised an option given in 1987 to buy 20 percent of Ashbrights for £20. He was not a director of Ashbrights. Nor was he a director of Pebbletape which was also sold to Goodman, containing just under one million Cityvision shares for cash and more shares. However, last November, described as a consultant, he appeared in the somewhat modest role of assistant secretary.

The Simpson/Abbey management is currently tipped by City analysts and enthusiastic hacks to make Video Store profits more than £2 million this year and £3.5 million next. Despite this the shares, once 30p, languish at a low of 13p. Could it be that some fear the Home Video history may yet repeat itself?

UNDOUBTEDLY greatly embarrassed by the twin corruption/Iraqi super gun scandals surrounding Astra Holdings is Conservative MP Gerald Howarth.

Howarth declares a parliamentary consultancy for Astra in the latest published list of MPs' interests. The Astra connection would seem to stem from Howarth's earlier role as a director of Richard Unwin International, a maker of low risk military pyrotechnics and fireworks, from 1983.

Unwin was taken over by Astra in September 1986 in a deal worth £600,000 to its owner. Howarth, who was not an Unwin shareholder, resigned from the Unwin board in August 1987 but would have appeared to continue to act as a consultant for Astra. He cannot have been amused therefore to observe the events of this year.

In March there was the arrest of former Astra/Unwin managing director Christopher Gumbley. He has since been charged with allegedly corrupting a Ministry of Defence official. Another Astra boardroom colleague at Unwin, John Anderson, has also been arrested by MoD fraud squad officers as part of their investigation.

Most of the Astra management which took over Unwin and ran the company until earlier this year have since resigned. Their departures were expedited by the discovery that PRB, the Belgian munitions maker acquired last year for £21 million, was making huge losses. It is now bankrupt. PRB was also linked to work on the planned Iraqi super gun whose inventor, Canadian scientist Dr Gerald Bull, was assassinated in March. PRB was to supply gun propellants to the Iraqis via Jordan.

Doubtless all these events came as a complete and unwelcome surprise to Howarth who as a mere parliamentary consultant is not engaged in the management of Astra.

WESTMINSTER city council leader Lady Porter will not be pleased to learn that the collapse of City & Westminster Financial, once headed by former fellow Tory councillor Andrew Greystoke, has resulted in the council being owed £29,000 it is most unlikely to be paid.

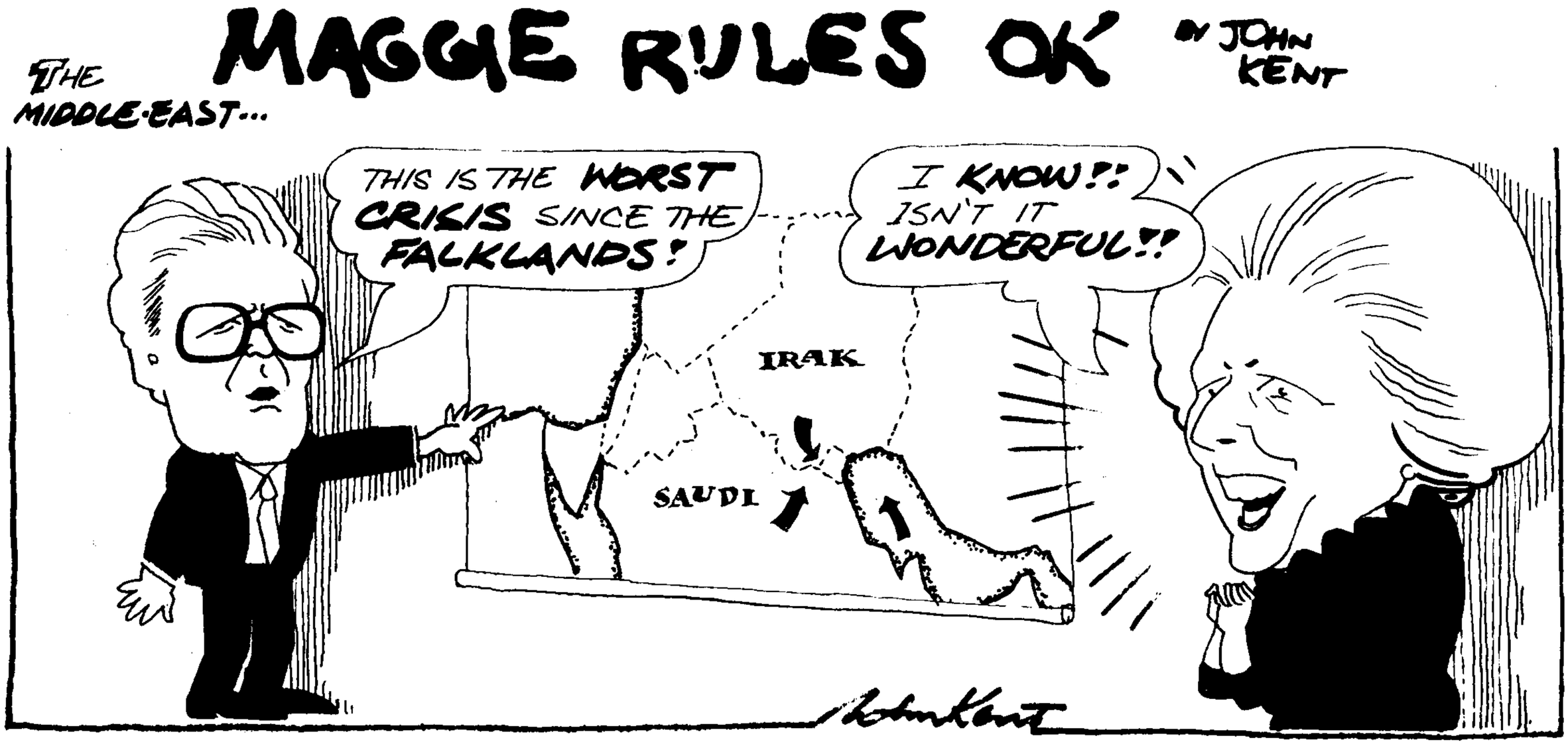
RUMOURS persist that Barclays Bank has discovered a substantial black hole at the Dublin branch of its Mercantile Credit offshoot which it is currently seeking to sell. Figures of up to £25 million are mentioned.

THE PROBLEMS of being the Sultan of Brunei and the richest man in the world are perhaps hard to imagine. But when you have more than $20 billion it is, after all, a little hard to keep track of every mere million, not to mention the interest on those overflowing deposit accounts.

So hard is it, in fact, that for a long time it has been rumoured the Sultan did not seem to realise he was earning somewhat less than the market rate, very considerably less (some insiders even make the preposterous suggestion that little or no interest was paid) on his massive deposits handled by Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation through Switzerland and Jersey. Not only that, but there were some accounts the existence of which he did not appear to be aware of at all.

This seemingly all changed, however, when HKSB decided it should perhaps improve the return to the Sultan from the income earned on his burgeoning billions. An extra — or was it just — 2 percent was suggested. Questions were then raised in Brunei about exactly what Hongkong Bank had been earning on His Majesty's deposits. When the answer — perhaps somewhat more than he expected — was discovered the Sultan moved most if not all his money to a number of Swiss and American banks.

'Slicker'



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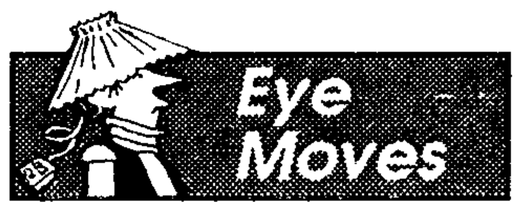

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DESPERATELY seeking solvency. Please help me continue studies. Genuinely grateful. Box 3648.

£50,000 needed desperately. Repayable £400 per month over 15 years. Genuine. Please help. Box 2048.

YOUNG SKINHEAD needs £250 for tattoos, everything considered. Box 2148

REBUILDING career after illness — almost there but debts £5,000. Desperate female. Please help. Box 2248.

HELP! Woman, 36 + four children urgently need funds or no home. Box 2348.

BRILLIANT, grantless film student seeks generous sponsors. Help me and the future of the British film industry. Box 2448.

UNCONTROLLABLE liar urgently needs money for miracle cure. Box 2548.

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POSTGRADUATE student requires IBM/PC/AT computer for postgraduate course. Box 2948.

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CCF APPEAL new offices now required, costs £82,500. All donations appreciated. Free Cancer Prevention sheet available. Donations (£5 - £30); crossed cheques made payable to D. Hall, Treasurer. Box 3245.

DESPERATE student needs money for MA. Every little helps. Box 3748.

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DESPERATE, genuine, urgent. Honest, hardworking lady needs £1,500 to make ends meet. Last resort. Anything helps. Please. Box 3948.

ALCOHOLICS rehabilitation centre needs funds desperately. Please help. Genuine. Box 4048.

IN MY fifties, smoke a pipe,/Don't believe I'm over ripe./Looking for a lady fair,/Tall and slim, with love to share./Had your fill of life's hard knocks?/For happy times, reply this box. Box 4148.

BLACK MALE doctor, 34, seeks woman for friendship and romance. Box 4248.

PROFESSIONAL, divorced Lincoln male, 43, seeks attractive, slim, humorous, N/S lady, 30s, for sensual, permanent relationship. Photo/phone no. appreciated. Box 4348.

ADVENTUROUS, sensitive, intelligent male, 31, seeks warm-hearted girlfriend. Likes mountains, skiing, travel (esp. India) films, music. North West/anywhere. Box 4448.

PROFESSIONAL male graduate seeks cure for sexual inexperience. South East. Box 4548.

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BOTTOM unmarked, but he's clearly an English piece, mid to late 1960's and in excellent condition. Found in London, but travels well and beautifully finished in dark blue Oxbridge. He's a professional, appreciating fast and very collectable. Lacking only a lady figurine to make up a pair. Valuations given. Letters answered. Photos returned. Box 5048.

CONSIDERATE but shy 34 year old seeks woman under 40 to rescue him before its too late. London. Photo appreciated. Box 5148.

CONFIRMED bachelor (37) seeks lady married/single for uncomplicated whatever. Box 5248.

IDEALIST! Divorced man, forties, unready for commitment, wants happy, physical relationship with bright, mature, choosy, lusty woman. London/South/wherever. Box 5348.

FREE BOX seats. Covent Garden to 2 late 30s/early 40s discerning, educated, fun-loving, preferably wealthy opera-appreciative gentleman, willing to escort 2 stylish, attractive, intelligent, professional women. Dinner afterwards? Interesting replies and operatic pretences please. Box 5548.

PROFESSIONAL bloke (not accountant) 25, mild socialist, seeks caring, fun-loving woman (18-25) for days out, nights out, nights in, holidays. Cheshire, North West, North Wales. Box 5648.

TALL, intermittently puppyish romantic man, 29, eclectic but only semi-civilised tastes, surrounded by teenage secretaries, seeks warm, intelligent, adventurous woman for cultural development and hugs. Live East Midlands. Frequently in West Riding. Box 5748.

1956 MINI seeks mechanic to keep her on the road. Must be sensitive to workings of complex machine. With attention, could be the vehicle of the future. Test drive to the theatre/concert? Box 5448.

LOOKING FOR someone to spice up a boring life? I'm a charming, intelligent, professional 39 year old male seeking an attractive woman for no-strings fun. Photo appreciated. London/SE/Anywhere. Box 5848.

IF YOU are a mature, upmarket, wealthy male, but lack an attractive, intelligent, discreet lady (39) for occasional dinners please write. Box 5948.

INTELLIGENT, fun-loving, attractive, long-legged, sexy female, 20-33 required by handsome, unattached, professional blond northern male 5'10", who is excellent company, attentive, warm, very witty and is looking for a genuine relationship. Box 6048.

29 YEAR OLD Peter Pan needs Wendy. Box 6148.

DUSTIN HOFFMAN seeks time warped Mrs Robinson. 20 years on you're still my dream. Box 6248.

CAPTIVE, overseas based male, seeks postal Mrs Robinson for enthralling correspondence course. Box 6348.

DON'T WANT to do this but life in ivory tower becoming tedious. Grown hair. Kissed frogs. No luck. Thirtysomething. Professional woman. Voice in wilderness. Anybody there? Photo appreciated. Reciprocated. North. Box 6448.

WOMAN, 32, independent, short, dark, quiet but not mousey, back in London after working abroad, seeks help in rediscovery. If you are interested in films, art and dance then fine but sense of humour most important. Box 6548.

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PROFESSIONAL Cheshire-based, caring and humorous male, mid 40s, intent on surviving broken marriage, seeks slim, attractive, sensual inspirational lady to kick start him back into circulation. Photo appreciated. Box 6748.

PETITE, lady graduate, oriental, attractive, 30s, London domicile, seeks sensitive educated man. Photo and phone please. Box 6848.

ACTIVE young professional, easy going with sense of humour and variety of interests seeks intelligent, independent and adventurous female (twenties) for fun and friendship in Greater London/Essex area. Box 6948.

AMBIVALENT? Male (31) seeks intellectual stimulation and female company. London. Box 7048.

ATTRACTIVE, East Midlands, middle class lady, 31, seeks professional, well educated, solvent gent, 30-40 to share the finer things in life. Box 7348.

BUSINESSMAN, 48 years, divorced soon, no ties, London area, seeks intelligent humorous, professional lady friend with view to permanent relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 7248.

CUDDLY MALE, 37, married but bored, fun loving, self employed (moderately successful but not millionaire) seeks lady (any age or status) who enjoys sensual siestas (not lunchtime o'snooze!). South East England. Box 7148.

ATTRACTIVE Indian female wanted for 3-4 days companionship. Aged 18-24. Photo appreciated. Will reward with return flight to Hong Kong or equivalent. Write to P.O. Box 33568, Sheung Wan Post Office, Hong Kong.

INDIAN GENTLEMAN, 43,
seeks white lady, 18-45 for intimate friendship. Photo appreciated.
Box 9348.

SINGLE, male, 30, 5'9", intelligent, witty, romantic, seeks fun-loving, unpossessive lady. Photo/letter appreciated. London-based. Box 9448.

THE LAST attractive, honest, single male in South East wishes to meet female, preferably most of attractive, intelligent, alternative, 25-35. Photo and phone number please to 9548.

LIBIDINOUS London lawyer, 42, attractive, fit, sensitive, single seeks slim, attractive woman for physical (and mental) encounters/relationship. Box 9648.

SMALL FURRY creature from Alpha Centauri (23) into Dvorak and Def Leppard, Garcia Marquez and Stephen King, Python M. and Pratchett T. seeks creaturette for galactic hitch-hiking and watching fire dragons. Box 9748.

THE CURE for the summertime blues. I'm 6'1", 25, blue eyes, good looking and a postgrad who enjoys strawberries and champagne. I'm as discreet or indiscreet as you wish, if you want to have fun this summer. Box 9848.

STRIKINGLY attractive and well-educated blonde adventuress in her 40s with interesting career, home-loving nature and two toddlers, seeks a lively man of vision and wit to share happy times together. Returning home from Israel mid-August. Box 9948.

ATTRACTIVE, slim, female, 33, wishes to meet solvent male with view to marriage. Photo essential. Box 10048.

GOOD LOOKING, fit male, 34, artistic, usually level-headed, but sometimes a bit of a prat, seeks a woman to share adventures and other good things. West Yorkshire. Box 10148.

LADY, modestly attractive, witty, charming, jolly good fun all round, seeks youngish, good humoured gent for fun and romance. Box 10248.

ME? 42, attractive, intelligent, wicked, sensuous, with half empty double bed. You? Younger, all man, successful, humorous, and cor! Photo please. Box 10348.

BLUE EYED, ex-navy diver, 35, own company, well heeled, used to good life. Seeking attractive, feminine woman, 25-35 to be treated like a lady. Photo appreciated. Hampshire-ish. Box 10448.

COMPANY DIRECTOR, early fifties, wealthy, would like to pamper a pretty lady for discreet afternoons and as company on overseas holidays would ideally live in London or home counties. Photo please. Box 10548.

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ATTRACTIVE MALE, 6', slim, 37, PhD, humorous, articulate, unpretentious, homely, quiet, seeks sincere, sensuous, monogamous, pretty female for long term relationship. (W. London). Box 10648.

SHY MALE tortoise, 25, seeks attractive, witty, intelligent female of the species to bring him out of his shell. Photo appreciated. Box 10748.

BACHELOR, 40. London based, N. Irishman, cracking all rounder, seeks attractive, humorous lady 25-35. Photo please. Box 10848.

OZONE-FRIENDLY female seeks biodegradable man for alternative global warming. Attractive, 20s, terrifying! Photo please. Box 8148.

SLIGHTLY unhinged tries again! 34 year old seeks married lady for total nonsense. Only the insane need apply. Cambs area preferred, but mobile. Box 8248. PS. Linda B go stick your head in a bucket!

RIDICULOUSLY shy male (chronological age 30, lifestyle age 63, social aptitude age 14) seeks ridiculously shy woman, maybe to tackle the world together, maybe just the odd movie. Londonish. CV, GCE certificates etc to Box 8348.

GORGEOUS, French, Janet Jackson lookalike, classy, professional, sporty, well-educated, wicked lady (27) seeks similar affluent, good looking, blonde, single gentleman, 30+ "pour s'amuser!" (London), letter, photo. Box 8448.

KENT. Slim, petite blonde. Late forties. Terminal marriage. Would humorous gentleman please rescue. Photo please. Box 7548.

LADIES. Could you be turned on by tall, handsome, bachelor farmer, 52. This is a chance of a lifetime to share my fantastic lifestyle. Photos returned. I fox hunt in the Midlands. Join me? Box 7648.

LIVELY, attractive lady of some intellect, with thatched cottage seeks friendship, successful/rich, attractive, fit, hilarious, unattached male with hair aged 30-45, liking aircraft, swimming, horses, boogieing and long sentences. Please write with recent photograph (preferably of you). Box 7748.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, witty and educated lady, 34, recently separated, seeks humorous man for genuine friendship. Essex area preferred. Photo appreciated. Box 11348.

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ARTS GRADUATE, presentable, articulate, young 46, very successful, with dream house on Dorset coast, into children, music, the sea, unexpectedly divorced, seeks tall, feminine, warm, loyal lady 26-36 to rebuild lasting happiness in the fresh air. Photo appreciated. Box 10948.

HANDSOME, energetic, very virile male trapped in unhappy marriage seeks occasional afternoon (evening) meetings with shapely, sexy lady in similar situation for passion and friendship. Photo essential but returned. Box 11048.

MED. MAN London based, handsome, caring, intelligent, unattached wishes to meet female who is slim, pretty, intelligent, energetic, beautiful in mind and body attached or unattached. Photo appreciated and returned. Box 11148.

BRIGHT WOMAN sought, age immaterial, for relaxed reflective rapport by urbane and tolerant man who is cultured, semi-retired, happily tied, unfat, unshort, unpoor, unyoung and unshockable. Apologies, but please no seekers of sole soulmates. Box 11248.

You can reply to a Box Number ad for up to 2 months after it was published.

ARTS GRADUATE male, 55, divorced, seeks girlfriend who enjoys country pursuits and identifies with "The Common Years": Jilly Cooper (Methuen 1984). Box 7948.

MALE, 18, inexperienced, seeks woman under 35 for tuition! Photo essential. Plymouth area. Box 8048.

KIND, witty, presentable, affluent, graduate, Bucks, 45, seeks educated, neglected lady with sense of fun and humour for occasional discreet evenings out. Box 8548.

INDEPENDENT, bright female, 22, with demanding career, tired of affected young boys, seeks established older man with style and humour who would never apply to an ad like this. Photo appreciated. London. Box 8648.

BUSINESSMAN, 48, 5'11", athletic build, apparently considered very attractive in stable unexciting relationship would like to meet female counterpart (possibly with partner's agreement) for, importantly, a single enjoyable, happy and very, very, very sensual relationship (happily realise any or all your fantasies). London area. Box 8748.

BORED London male accountant, 28, seeks easygoing female — active in mind, body and spirit. Box 8848.

MONEY, car, apartment, toaster, etc. Attractive, humorous, late twenties, breathing etc. Seeking pretty, witty, London girl with lovely etceteras. Photo please. Box 8948.

LONELY couch potato, 28, hates socialising but cycles occasionally seeks caring, physical relationship with woman under 35. Photo/phone appreciated. Berks/London. Box 9048.

ARE YOU an elegant female, 40ish, who wants to meet an attractive younger man? Yes — then send your telephone number and let's chat. N/W area. Box 9148.

SINGLE, slim, male, 33, seeks attractive lady under 35 for occasional afternoons, evenings or weekends of fun with no ties. Utmost discretion assured. Hampshire/London/. Photo ensures reply. Box 9248.

GREATER MANCHESTER. Male, white, late forties, tall, slim, seeks tall, elegant black/Asian female companion. Photo apprec. Tel No. Box 7848.

DESIRABLE female, 39, single, clever, attractive, feminine, romantic. Desires to be spoilt within a passionate, fun relationship by a very special, very successful male. Discretion assured. Box 11448.

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CUDDLY, 25 year old romantic Tory, seeks intelligent, attractive and witty young lady for fun, travel and romance. Write with photo please. Box 11548.

SLIM, attractive, female, 27, looking for interesting, lighthearted male company for fun and friendship. London & S.E. Photo please. Box 11648.

THREE lonely losers, living on Mediterranean island seek immature females of voting age to help overcome alcohol addiction. Photo or quick sketch appreciated. Box 11748.

WEALTHY, good-looking, unattached, businessman (35), caring, generous, romantic. Seeks attractive, very busty lady 23-35 to share stylish evenings and exciting fun times. Photo please. Box 11848.

MAD ENGLISHMAN who doesn't like the noon day sun but enjoys a laugh (34, 6 ft and handsome) seeks affectionate, genuine woman (25-35) for friendship and a good time. Photo please. London and Home Counties. Box 11948.

REASONABLY wealthy property developer, bored by market and marriage, needs attractive, slim, open minded young lady pref. aspiring architect or resting actress to take to exotic places. Box 12048.

HUMOROUS, handsome, married man (25) seeks discreet lady for love in the afternoon. Photo appreciated. West London area. Box 12148.

MILLIONAIRE, 30, seeks attractive, intelligent, witty female partner for anything goes parties or fun nights out and holidays. Photo please. Milton Keynes. Box 12248.

NUTTY ARTIST lady, fifties, drives sports car, owns dogs, delectable cook, blonde, wishes to meet nice man with sense of humour, unattached, preferably non-smoker, to brighten up drab life. South East. Box 12348.

The first one or two words of all ads are in bold type at no extra charge. For extra capital letters, bold type and centering choose the slightly dearer semi-display style.

FOR A WOMAN of all seasons. Male graduate, 48, with own business in Yorks seeks new life with lady who requires affection, enjoyment and everything she dreamed and yearned for. Personality more important than looks. Distance immaterial. Box 12448.

PASSION for excellence. Thoughtful, pretty, kind female academic (40, 5'3") seeks her match. Box 12548.

OXBRIDGE graduate, own business, N.E. coast, ending sterile marriage, seeks fun lady, 30-50, for romance. Interests include tennis, skiing, gastronomy but willing to learn whatever turns you on. Photo appreciated. Box 12648.

THE REAL RIPPER YORKSHIRE REVEALED

The Vital Points

CLUE 1 The No.1 suspect seen at 5 murder sites was a stocky bearded Irishman **who was never traced.**

CLUE 2 The Ripper was known to have a large gap in his top front teeth from bite marks on some of his victims. **Terry Hawkshaw:** "I'm the Bradford cab driver police suspected was the Ripper. Unfortunately for me I also had 2 teeth missing in top front and resemble the photofit of the real Ripper identified in Mr. O'Gara's book." **John Sutcliffe:** "My son Peter has **no** teeth missing. He told me he didn't do them **all.** I know that a plea bargain **deal** was made between him and the prosecution."

CLUE 3 The Ripper was known to be the rare (1 in 16) **B** secretor blood group from his semen found in victims he sexually assaulted, for his **saliva** on his bite marks on victims and from saliva on envelopes on his letters to the police. **Peter Sutcliffe,** the disturbed man who committed all the assaults on surviving victims and 4 copy cat murders was eliminated by the Ripper squad **9 times** because he was 0 blood group, has **no** teeth missing and was given cast-iron alibis by his wife Sonia.

The full story of this amazing miscarriage of justice and subsequent police cover-up is available from **Noel O'Gara, Ballinahowen Court, Athlone, Ireland. Price £5 (inc p&p). Tel: 010 353 902 30107.**

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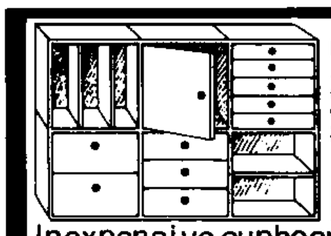

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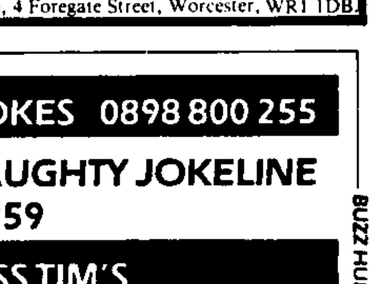

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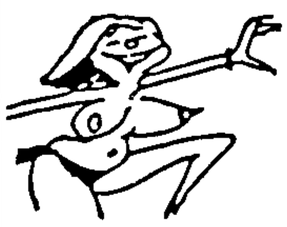

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"As the cameras whirred and the lights whipped his eyes, David Lynch looked confused, shy, even a little scared . . ."

The director of *Blue Velvet* talks about himself, his image and his new film, *Wild At Heart,* in the new issue of Arena

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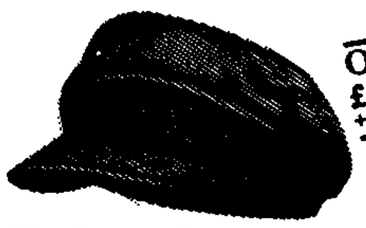

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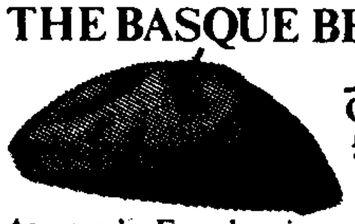

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